

# THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

VOL. 3.

MARCH 1887.

No. 36.

## Staccato.

'Oor monarch's hindmost year but ane  
Had five and twenty days begun,  
'Twas then a blast o' Januar' win'  
Blew hansel in on Robin."

No Scotchman ever forgets the anniversary of the 25th of January, 1759. On that day, Manitoba tells how Duncan Gray cam' here to woo; New Zealand addresses the Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled; Hong-Kong proclaims that a man's a man for a' that; and Cape Town asks if auld acquaintance should ever be forgot?

SPES REEVES, Mary Davies, Antoinette Sterling, and Barrington Foote were the hierophants at the Festival in the Albert Hall. But the pipers of the Scots Guards did most to stir the Celtic blood.

THE Pibroch of Donuil Dhu sweeps down from the gallery in waves of sound that would fill Black Donald's Highland glen, then gradually dies away as the pipers march down the glen (otherwise the gallery staircase) until all is silent. Suddenly there is a wild burst, and the ribbons of the pipes are seen fluttering among the swallows of the stalls, and Duncan and Dougald and Hamish and Laohlan strut proudly through the hall. But is that Black Donald leading the way? No, it is A 142.

THE Elinburgh Burns Club should have hearty support at home and beyond the seas, in its proposal to erect a memorial to John Wilson, John Templeton, and David Kennedy, who did so much for Scottish song in the past fifty years.

DAVID KENNEDY devoted himself chiefly to the Scotchmen in the Colonies and the United States. The field at home has been occupied for twenty years, and is still occupied, by his friend, Mr. Lumsden of Edinburgh. The innumerable Scottish concerts organized by Mr. Lumsden have done much to prevent the music-hall pestilence from taking any hold on the working-classes of Scotland.

It turns out that the bomb which exploded in the Opera House at San Francisco was not intended for Adelina Patti, but for a local millionaire. Surely the wildest anarchist could have had no wish to silence that sweet voice for ever.

A NEW ORLEANS piano-maker was kind enough to bring down a piano when Patti's train was just starting. His kindness was not appreciated by the piano-maker who has contracted for the supply of pianos throughout Patti's tour. A pitched battle ensued, and, as the guard wouldn't wait, both pianos were left behind.

DRUMMER: "Please, sir, I would like to have my salary raised." General Manager (N.B. un-

musical): "Don't be so lazy, if you want to have your salary raised. Why, I've often seen you standing with your hands by your side, when all the rest were playing."

VERDI kissed Iago when "Otello" was over, but playfully refused to kiss the Moor on account of the burnt cork.

ROSSINI didn't have this chance of a joke when his "Otello" was produced in 1816, as the leading singer declined to have his face blacked.

THERE was not much fidelity to Shakespeare sixty years ago. When Rossini's "Otello" was brought out in Paris, the leading tenor found the final duet with Desdemona unsuited to his voice. A soft and pretty love-duet was substituted, and the pair withdrew, hand-in-hand, amidst the applause of the audience, who thought it quite natural that the piece should end in this way.

EVEN a La Scala audience were not above encoring a critical part in the scene of the murder of Desdemona. But, after encoring the Ascension at the Albert Hall last December, we unfortunately cannot throw stones.

THE encoring Philistines have had a lesson which, we hope, they will not soon forget. On the night of the production of Jakobowski's "Mynbeer Jan" at the Comedy Theatre, Miss Lethbridge so charmed the pitties with the execution of a "Saltarello," that they insisted on having it over again. The dance was most exhausting, but she went through it again. Not content with this, they demanded it a third time, and shouted and shouted until Mr. Paulton came forward and asked them to kindly excuse Miss Lethbridge, as she had fainted.

ENCORES are only for the concert-room. They spoil an opera as ill-timed applause spoils a drama. When Sarah Bernhardt laid her head in her hands, and sobbed convulsively in "La Dame aux Camelias," at Her Majesty's last April, the British public applauded loud and long, evidently expecting her to raise her head and smile an acknowledgment through her sobs.

THE audience at the Lyceum should serve as a model in this respect. There is breathless silence until the curtain falls, when the pent-up feelings of the spectators are relieved by a tremendous burst of applause.

AMONG those who witnessed the triumph of Signora Pantalone was Maria Waldmann, who created the part of Aida at La Scala fifteen years ago. Did she applaud? Answer this, you who have solved the riddle of the Lady or the Tiger.

\* Vide the Miniature Edition of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

"RUDDYGORE" has been changed to "Ruddigore"—this is the grand result of the remonstrances of the fastidious British public. *Par-turiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*

"SIR.—Your correspondent has altogether misrepresented the meaning of a song in our opera, 'Ruddigore,' recently represented at the Savoy Theatre. In this song he supposes that we insult directly and intentionally the brave sailors who serve under the French flag. It is true the sailor who sings these couplets relates how an English sloop flies at the sight of a French frigate which she had taken for a merchant vessel, and gives as a reason in justification of his retreat a desire on the part of her captain to show compassion to his formidable antagonist. The piece in which this occurs is a satire upon a species of melodrama that was much appreciated and very popular in London years ago, wherein a boasting and gasconading sailor was generally the hero. The lines in question are accordingly sung by a sailor of this type, who expresses himself in the language of his class, using the expressions, 'Parley voo' and 'Darned mounseer' (not 'Darned moun-seer,' as your correspondent says), these words having precisely as much sense as have 'Roubil' and 'Goddam' when employed to ridicule the English in a French 'Comedy burlesque.' There is nothing in the stanzas sung by this burlesque mariner which seriously expresses our feelings or opinions. Permit us to add, for your own information, that an English audience would never accord to a dramatist the right to insult either the army or the navy of a nation as brave as it is chivalrous.

"W. S. GILBERT.  
A. S. SULLIVAN.

"To the Editor of the *Figaro*, Paris."

ALL this because M. Johnson, the London correspondent of the *Paris Figaro*, couldn't see a joke. Why doesn't M. Johnson change his name if he is such a fiery Frenchman?

IT seems a pity that the audience at the Savoy should nightly demand a double encore for the trio with the chorus—

"But it really doesn't matter,  
But it really doesn't matter,  
But it really doesn't matter,  
MATTER, MATTER,  
MATTER, MATTER."

After all, what Gounod says is true—that operas are born feet foremost.

MR. D'OYLY CARTE has lost no time in despatching "Ruddigore" to America. The new company, which sailed on the 12th of February, includes Miss Ulmar (Rose Maybud), Mr. Courtice Pounds (Dick Dauntless), Mr. George Thorne (Robin Oak-apple), and Mr. Frederici (Sir Roderick Mur-gatroyd).

"THE last time we sent a company out to America," said Mr. Gilbert to the *Evening News* interviewer, it was with 'The Mikado,' and we were compelled to exercise the utmost secrecy. The company were taken down in a special train from London to Liverpool, from thence transported in special tender on board the steamer, and were sent down into their cabins at once, and strictly forbidden to hold converse with any one until the steamer was on its way. Even Mr. D'Oyly Carte was obliged to take his berth in an assumed name. Arrived in New York, we found, as usual, a pirate over the water, preparing to bring out his version of 'The Mikado.' Indeed, he had advertised its production for the



Saturday following the Sunday or Monday that our company arrived. Of course, our unexpected appearance completely upset his plans. His production being billed for the Saturday, however, we advertised that we would produce ours on the Friday previous. He then changed his to the Thursday, upon which ours was announced for the Wednesday, and it was actually produced on that night, and met with a brilliant success."

GENERAL BOULANGER has had time to think of the Marseillaise, however busy he may have been with the erection of huts on the frontier. An authorized version of the National Hymn is to be issued for use in all military bands. No fewer than 189 different versions have been submitted by the bandmasters throughout the country. The number has been brought down to three by a committee under the presidency of M. Ambrose Thomas, and these three versions were recently played by the band of the Garde Républicaine on the stage of the Grand Opéra, before General Boulanger, who is, of course, to make the final selection.

HERR GRUBER, the well-known zither virtuoso, who has been interviewed by the grand chief interviewer, the *Pull Mall Gazette*, says that you can put more expression into the zither than into the violin. Well hardly! But the zither is certainly a pretty little instrument and is easily learned. It is very popular in Germany, and it deserves a better position in England than the outside of public-houses.

STAGE-DAGGERS are not always blunt. The celebrated tenor Vogl was recently playing the part of Rienzi at Barmen. In the second act, Rienzi is stabbed by Orsini, who was on this occasion clumsy enough to stab the Tribune so severely that he lost a lot of blood.

THE feast of the Conversion of St. Paul is appropriately celebrated every year by a performance of "St. Paul," at "St. Paul's." It is a little trying to see trombone performers arrayed in surplices, but the behaviour of the audience, or rather congregation, is reverent throughout. The number of such performances in our cathedrals might profitably be increased.

WHEN will our House of Commons ever devote a sitting to music and the drama? This is what has just happened in Paris.

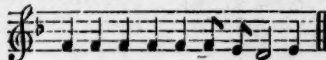
M. LAGUERRE, a Deputy of the Extreme Left, proposed the abolition of the censorship of the stage. M. Berthelot, Minister of Public Instruction and of the Fine Arts, made an able speech in defence of the threatened institution. It would never do, he contended, to run the risk that sentiments subversive of public morality might any day be advanced before an audience of 2000 people, or some colossal act of imprudence committed which would lead to international difficulties. The example of England was conclusive. The English were a nation who had a strong objection to being hampered in their movements, but in England it was found necessary to maintain a censorship far more severe than was observed in France. In the end, M. Laguerre's motion was rejected by 329 to 160.

THE Chamber next decided to discontinue the support of the Opera in the town of Algiers. But M. Tony Révillon succeeded in inducing the Deputies to subsidize M. Pasdeloup's Popular Concerts to the tune of 10,000 francs. How we should stare if a subsidy to Mr. Gwyllim Crowe were to figure in Mr. Goschen's new Budget.

"A PENNY all the way, a penny all the way, Bank." This looks rather funny when reduced to musical

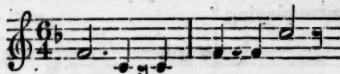
notation in Mr. F. Weber's article on "Melody in Speech." But it is easy to trace a rudimentary sort of music in cries of this kind.

WE have heard a fishwife in Portobello cry, "Herrin', fresh herrin', caller herrin'," in the intonation of one of the most familiar of the Church responses, tone for tone.



Herrin' fresh herrin' caller herrin'.

WE have also heard a paper-boy at Stirling Station cry his papers in the Leit-motive that is so conspicuous in Wagner's "Flying Dutchman."



Scots-man Cou - rant Review.

MR. BOWMAN, of Minneapolis, has invented a so-called anonymous programme. The names of the composers are not given, and a set of coupons are attached which correspond in number with the pieces in the programme. These coupons are afterwards used as voting papers, each member of the audience being requested to send in the number corresponding with the piece in the programme which has pleased him most.

THE young gentleman who dubs the Sonate Pathétique as "vewy pwetty," because he sees the name of Beethoven at the side of the programme, will be liable to make sad mistakes if this anonymous system comes into vogue. In the meantime our American cousins are delighted. At the first trial, a composition by Mr. Dudley Buck had a majority of seventy votes over Mendelssohn's C minor Sonata.

"DOROTHY" has passed the magic line of the hundredth representation. And now a company has just been despatched to take that gay young damsel about the provinces. The success of "Dorothy" is all due to Mr. Cellier's graceful music. The plot is thin, and the situations are not particularly laughable.

THE Municipal Theatre of Frankfurt has received a special subsidy of £7500 from the corporation, to tide over a financial crisis. How would our worthy aldermen and bailies like to have such votes to pass?

THE new telephone between Paris and Brussels appears to be in excellent working order. The Queen of the Belgians has listened with pleasure in her palace at Brussels to the performance of a whole act of "Faust," at the Opéra in Paris.

THE dead-letter office at Boston is in a difficulty. A letter has been received bearing the following address—"Mr. George F. Handel, c/o Handel and Haydn Society, Boston."

A LETTER of Mozart to his sister, written at the age of fourteen, fetched 505 francs at a recent sale of autographs in Paris. Two letters from Berlioz and Verdi fetched 52 francs each. Malibran's signature could be had for 20 francs, Paganini's for 15, while letters from Spohr and Cherubini proved to be only worth 10 francs.

COUNT HOCHBERG has issued an elaborate set of instructions to the artistes of the Berlin Opera on the pronunciation of the letter G. The Count wishes "König" to be pronounced as "Könich." But here doctors differ.

THE little town of Wrexham has just had an Eisteddfod of its own. Great spirit was shown in all the competitions. The festival is an annual one, and was started five years ago.

£80,000 for "Natural Theology"—whatever that may mean. This is what Lord Gifford has left to the Scottish Universities: £25,000 to Edinburgh, £20,000 each to Glasgow and Aberdeen, and 15,000 to St. Andrews. We are afraid this will only lead to discord among the clergy. Lord Gifford should have left it to promote harmony in the East End.

AMONG the most charming of the ballads lately performed at Messrs. Boosey's Ballad Concert is Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's "Wee Wifey." It goes straight to the heart.

MARIANNE BRANDT recently called at the Poste Restante in New York for letters. "Have you any evidence of identity?" asked the clerk. "No," she replied: "I have left my cards at home. I am Marianne Brandt, the prima donna." "Any lady could say that," was the answer. "Yes, but any lady couldn't prove it. Just listen." Then came a brilliant bravura, every door was opened, and out popped astonished faces. "All right. Here's your letter."

BAYREUTH is to keep "Parsifal" after all. There has been some talk of the Opera in Munich claiming a supposed right to perform "Parsifal" in virtue of an agreement between Wagner and the King of Bavaria. In 1878 Wagner appealed to King Ludwig to make good the deficit of £5000 on the Festival performances of 1876. The sum was granted, and in return Wagner conceded to the Royal Opera the privilege of performing his next work. But it turns out that in 1880 Wagner was released from his bargain. He had written to the King, pleading poverty, and threatening, at the age of sixty-seven, to go on a concert tour in America, as he felt that he was unable to make a suitable provision for his family. The King's reply was a letter to Baron von Perfall, signifying that it was the royal pleasure to cancel the agreement of 1878. Wagner was thus enabled to bequeath "Parsifal" as the absolute property of those he left behind—a valuable property indeed.

A VERY old theatre, the Teatro Concordi in Padua, has been acquired by a commercial marquis, named Orologio, who is going to adapt it to be let out in flats. The theatre was built in 1633, restored in 1795, and modernized in 1825. Compared with the Teatro Concordi, "Old Drury" is a bantling.

THIS is a cosmopolitan age. An American, named Robert Kelly, is going to produce an opera on the subject of Lochinvar at the theatre of Salerno.

ANOTHER sign how small the world is getting. Goldmark's opera, "Merlin," which was produced in Vienna last November, was given for the first time in Germany at Hamburg, on the 31st of January. It had already been brought out by the Germ. Opera Company in New York during the first week of the month.

THE Bayreuth Festival itself may possibly have an addition to its attractions. In a letter to the Duke of Meiningen, Herr Rovelli of Frankfurt proposes that the famous Meiningen Dramatic Company should give performances in the Markgraf Theatre at Bayreuth, on the days when Wagner's Theatre is closed. Bayreuth would thus become a centre of culture for the Drama as well as for the Opera.



THE German Dramatic Union are further asked to discourage the "starring" system ("Gastspiel," as it is called in Germany), and to make some attempt to equalize the salaries in the different theatres. We are afraid that the "starring" system is a natural result of the facility of communication in modern times; and as to the equalization of salaries,—the vital question is whether this is to be done by levelling up or levelling down.

It seems that some confusion is caused through the use of different German translations of the text of operas which were written in other languages. Thus, the prompter has as many as three sets of words to follow in his book for "Don Giovanni." Baron von Perfall proposes that one authorized version of each opera should be selected for use in all the theatres of the Union.

A NEW sensation. The theatre at Norwich (Connecticut) has been the scene of a wedding between two members of the company, a Mr. Delmar and a Miss Adams, which took place on the stage at the close of the performance. The seats for this evening were at a premium of ten times the ordinary price.

In the absence of opera the public flock to recitals in costume. Colonel Mapleson's Opera Company have performed with great success, in the new Leinster Hall in Dublin, the garden scene from "Faust," and the fourth act of "Il Trovatore."

BARON VON PERFALL (composer of "Junker Heinz" and Director of the Munich Opera) has issued an important memorandum to the members of the German Dramatic Union of Theatrical Managers. He suggests that one of the theatres represented in the Union should be selected annually to produce, with the assistance of the others, a cycle of the best operas and dramas. If each theatre were to send its best artistes to these performances, an annual Festival would be established which would rival the Festival of Bayreuth in artistic purity and completeness, while free from Bayreuth's exclusive Wagnerianism.

The Municipality of Paris has voted the sum of £400 for a musical prize competition. The music is to be written for solo voice-parts, chorus, and orchestra. The competition is, of course, restricted to Frenchmen.

## Musical life in London.

It is seldom that a work, once laid aside and almost forgotten, quite justifies its revival by the success that it wins "after long years." Much is against it; fashion has changed, and the world is always slow to reverse a verdict once given. Still, there are exceptional cases to which these remarks can hardly be said to apply, and of these the treatment accorded to Spohr's "Calvary" on its first production in 1839 in England, is one of the best instances that could be given. The religious instincts of the country were aroused, and the general feeling was that something like desecration had been done by exhibiting so solemn a subject in musical form, and using words of such divine meaning for the purpose of "aria" and "recitative." It is certain that—for good or evil it is not my province to inquire—we have changed all that, and if Gounod's "Redemption" and "Mors et Vita" are accepted, there is no possible reason why "Calvary" should not have a fair rehearing, and this time be judged by its musical merits without the introduction of the *odium theologicum*. Therefore, Dr. Mackenzie at the Novello Concerts, and

Mr. Ebenzer Prout at the Hackney Choral Society's concerts, have done well in bringing forward this work—Spohr's best oratorio—which for thirty-five years had lain upon the shelf, and to the ordinary amateur was but a name.

My own impression in listening to "Calvary" at the Novello Concert in St. James's Hall, shall be given very shortly. There is much of Spohr's finest work in it, much that is exquisitely beautiful, but it is an oratorio that will be relished rather in "selections" than as a whole. There is no disguising the fact that it is heavy; the dramatic instinct was not strong in Spohr, with whom industry often replaced genius—though I do not deny him genius sometimes. The libretto—which, by the way, Mendelssohn once thought of setting, but ultimately rejected—must bear some of the blame; for, excepting the scene in Pilate's Judgment Hall, it is terribly weak and prosy. Mrs. Henschel was a little over-weighted with the soprano music, though her rendering of the two favourite airs "Though all Thy friends," and "When this scene," was very pleasing and earnest. Mr. Henschel gave a dramatic version of the *scena* expressive of Judas Iscariot's despair, and Mr. Santley was very successful in the baritone music, singing in turn as Peter and Nicodemus. Mr. Barton McGuckin did his best in the music allotted to Joseph of Arimathea, St. John, and our Lord, but his rather hard voice was by no means well suited to it. The choruses were admirably sung, though the unusually slow time adopted by Dr. Mackenzie throughout the evening certainly deprived them of some of their rightful effect.

THE last month has been something of a transition period for the Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts, as, during the course of it, Mme. Neruda left; Herr Strauss and Herr Heermann, both accomplished violinists though not of the very first rank, having been leading until Herr Joachim's arrival, announced for the 21st. On the occasion of Mme. Neruda's farewell appearance, besides taking part in the well known Allegro of Schubert's unfinished quartet, she played with her sister, Mlle. Olga Neruda, a sonata by Brahms, for violin and piano-forte; not so elaborate in structure, but, perhaps, for that reason more pleasing and graceful than much that Brahms has given us. Mme. Neruda has never played better than she has done this season; and while we are ready to welcome Herr Joachim, we must warmly recognize the talent of the lady who during these winter months has so worthily held the first violin at these concerts. Mr. Chappell does not often bring forward very "new" talent, but he has made an exception to his practice in the case of Herr Schönberger, a young Viennese pianist, who was hardly known in this country before his recent recital in St. James's Hall. The impression produced was not entirely favourable, for though in works of the modern school he had shown remarkable brilliancy and delicacy of touch, his rendering of great works, such as Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, and Schubert's Fantasia in C, with "The Wanderer" variations, was very unequal—the louder passages were too often thumped, and from nervousness, or some other cause, wrong notes were too frequently struck. In the concerted music Herr Schönberger was heard to greater advantage, and I expect that, with further practice and more thorough command over his own powers, he will, in the future, take a high place among the pianists we shall "delight to honour." I may say that the impressions I have here given were confirmed on the occasion of my hearing Herr Schönberger at his second recital on the 16th.

At one of the Saturday Concerts Mr. Charles Hallé, always an immense favourite, was the pianist, and it was a great treat to listen to the almost faultless rendering by Mme. Neruda and Mr. Hallé of Schubert's brilliant Fantasia in C for piano and

violin. His solo was Beethoven's sonata in E minor, not one of the greatest, but full of beautiful touches, as all of them are. At this concert a new piano-forte trio by Arthur Foote, an American composer, was produced for the first time; it is cleverly written but not especially marked by originality. During the interregnum between Mme. Neruda's leave-taking and Herr Joachim's appearance, Herr Heermann has led on several occasions and shown himself the possessor of genuine artistic gifts as an interpreter of the classic works of chamber music. Signor Piatti has on several occasions played solos with his own unfailing skill and beauty of tone, but I must humbly find fault with his introduction of songs by Schubert such as the "Serenade" and "Litania" arranged by himself for the solo cello!

THE programmes of the London Symphony Concerts are always so full of novelties that I must perforce be contented with a brief reference to them. At the first since I last wrote, a new Violin Concerto by a British composer, Mr. Oliver King, was played by Herr Emil Mohr. I hardly like to judge of a work of so important a character on a first hearing, but it struck me as somewhat wanting in symmetry and not distinguished by that quality so hard to attain to—originality. Sir Arthur Sullivan's beautiful "Tempest Music," the composer conducting, was also produced, and Mr. Henschel must be thanked for giving us this opportunity of hearing a work that, though a juvenile one, is far too good to be lost sight of. Although artistically, of course, the standard symphonies, of which one is played at each concert, are the most valuable features, yet, from the reporter's point of view, the advent of new artists may sometimes claim the larger share of notice. I have therefore pleasure in specially mentioning the pianoforte playing of Miss Amina Goodwin, who played a Minuet and Gavotte by Raff with great cleverness, and Miss Nettie Carpenter's rendering of Bruch's Violin Concerto. Miss Carpenter fairly astonished the critics by the progress she has made of late, both in phrasing and technique, and her excellence was not merely that of a mere imitator, but of one who felt the thoughts she was expressing. The concert on February 15 was specially in honour of Wagner, who died on February 13. The only novelty at this was an orchestral work by Wagner, still in MS., "Träume," founded on the great love-duet in "Tristan," a work marked by great delicacy of orchestration and sweet dreamy passion. Mr. Santley's rendering of Pognier's song in "Die Meistersinger" and Wotán's "Abschied" was successful beyond my expectation, for I had hardly thought his voice was quite of the calibre required by such music. But he did splendidly, and I have never heard the grand pathos of the second piece more finely brought out.

THE Crystal Palace Concerts have been resumed, the first of the present year affording us a fine performance of Mackenzie's "Story of Sayid," with Miss Annie Marriott, Mr. Barton McGuckin, and Mr. Watkin Mills in the principal parts. Dr. Stanford's "Revenge," which, apart from its own merits, is found to be most useful in filling up concert programmes, was also given.

Of concerts of the month the list is not very long. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel have been giving Song Recitals in Prince's Hall, most interesting for the admirable selection of song-music, new and old, for the artistic singing of both artists, and for Mr. Henschel's masterly playing of the accompaniments. Herr Stavenhagen has given another recital, confirming my opinion of his wonderful powers as a pianist of the Liszt school. Baritone would do well to take a note of "Waldesnacht," by Schubert, sung by Mr. Thorndike at one of the Monday Popular Concerts, and, though seldom heard, a magnificent specimen of Schubert's genius. But it requires a good accompanist. J. J. B.



## Musical Vignettes.

## IV.—WAGNER AND VERDI.

By REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A., Author of  
"Music and Morals."

—:—

THE next evening we found ourselves again together, with the addition of an elderly but ardent votary of the Italian opera. Cousin "Phoenix," as we used to call him—I hardly know why, but some people irresistibly attract to themselves nicknames, which they accept with meekness, and which stick to them by some kind of inexplicable congruity. Cousin "Phoenix" was a dandy belonging to a past generation. He wore an old-fashioned silk stock, a coat fitted to the waist; his black whiskers had an odd blue tinge, and the hairdresser had lately introduced a few natural grey hairs into his wig. Aurelia's confidential maid declared he wore stays and padded—but that is neither here nor there. Cousin Phoenix was still popular with the ladies, and of an expansive good nature and ready wit, which made him acceptable also in men's society. When he repeated his old stories he would habitually interrupt himself with "Heard it before, eh? You stop me, you know." But no one ever had the heart to stop Cousin Phoenix, and somehow—rare thing with superannuated dandies—he contrived never to be a bore. "Parsifal! All very well, no doubt. I can't live up to Wagner—live up to's the word"—and he taps his gold snuff-box, and takes a pinch to nerve himself for any subsequent reflections on the music of the future. "O, do let me look," said Aurelia, stretching out her hand. "What a lovely box, and all set with diamonds! I have never seen it before. What a quantity of them you seem to have, Cousin Phoenix?" "Not so many as my dear old friend Lablache; he had one for every day in the year. Her Majesty Queen Victoria once asked him how many he had, and he told her. 'Ah,' says the Queen, 'you have one for every day in the year, Signor Lablache, but you want one more for leap year, and I will give it you.' This is not it, but this is one that incomparable *basso profundo* gave me. I used to go to the opera whenever he sang. Ah! what days those were!—Malibran, Sontag, Tamberlik, Persiani, Grisi, Mario, Jenny Lind—and half of them on the stage together. Talk about 'Lohengrin'! I can never get hold of the key they're playing in, and as soon as I do they're out of it. Then, what little tune there is comes over again and again, until one gets as tired of it as of the buzzing of a bluebottle on a window pane. Give me Grisi in 'Casta Diva'—I heard her sing it for the last time at the Crystal Palace one Saturday afternoon. Poor old *prima*! But she still had a touch of the great Tragedy Queen in her long velvet train. She could hardly hobble on to the stage; she had lost her high notes, and could scarcely get through her runs. Every one was disappointed, especially the young people who had not heard her in her prime. My dear" (turning to Aurelia), "I'm an old man now"—("Never! never!" we all cry)—"Yes, I am though," says Cousin Phoenix, adjusting his stock, but evidently gratified with our flattering interruption; "but, but"—and here came a little quiver in his voice, whilst his kindly eye glistened with sensibility—"you don't know what visions the appearance and voice of the great *prima* brought back to me. Ah! scenes of vanished youth! I say to you, Miss Aurelia, and to all you young people, 'Gather ye roses whilst ye may'—in proper nosegays, of course. Well, never mind. When the old Tragedy Queen gasped through her grand *scena* I was listening to the Grisi of—no matter how many years ago—with a red rose in her black hair and a wide lace "bertha" and bare arms—such arms!—and I sat and cried like a child—'pon my honour I did—cried like a child—child's

the word!" And the sympathetic Phoenix again refreshed himself with an imperceptible pinch from the Lablache snuff-box.

"I quite admit," said I, wishing to harmonize with our friend's sentiments, "that the old Italian régime was more favourable to the vocal art, pure and simple, than the modern German musical drama, and there were no doubt great queens of melody forty years ago; but, as an art question, what lies at the back of it all is whether the voice is to be cultivated for the sake of art or art for the sake of the voice. The Italian opera question is not one of voice so much as of a style of music, adapted to a style of drama, both of which are now held to be defective. From the German point of view as now defined, the voice, the orchestra, the poet's fancy, the actor's function—all exist to present a heightened and intensified picture of life, as true to the essential nature of things as the necessary limitations of each art vehicle will permit, and this general congruity and truth has been realised approximately for the first time, so we hold, in the Wagnerian drama."

"Just so," says Phoenix, "but I do not seek these congruities and verities behind the foot-lights. All I want when I visit the opera is a lovely melody, a lovely woman, a handsome man, fine voices, a striking stage chorus, an imposing effect. As to the nature of the drama, that is a secondary consideration; the singer, not the personage represented, is what I always look to."

"Yes," broke in Alexis, "in the Italian opera the singer swamps the character, in the German opera the character swamps the singer. At Bayreuth people did not ask, first, who was the *prima*, but which *prima* best understood her part, and an intelligent interpreter was ever preferred to a more accomplished singer of less mental and dramatic capacity."

"To put a crucial case," I added, "Giuglini, one of the greatest successes on the modern Italian stage, would have been impossible in the Wagnerian drama; there is no single part he could have filled respectably. Yet, in almost any Italian opera, he had only to open his mouth and every body was charmed. He had little intelligence and no dramatic power, but a voice like an angel—and nothing else. On the other hand, Wagner's operas have again and again been successfully produced in England without a single first-class vocalist, and have pleased, because every one understood his work and could act his part."

"Ah!" sighed Phoenix, "I shall never listen to the true warbler of 'Auld Lang Syne' again. Patti is about the last of the old school; Titiens got Wagnerized and hoarse before she died. Every one is gone or going into the 'scream and shiver'—yes, *scream and shiver* is the word!"

"I allow," said I, willing still to stretch a point for this *laudator temporis acti*, "that the *vibrato* and incessant straining after effect, which has become something, like an incurable vocal disease in Signor Gayarre, compares unfavourably enough with the clear and transcendent vocalization of Sontag, Grisi, and Lind; but I still must maintain that the old Italian opera form is played out, and, whilst I am sorry that Wagner, like Beethoven, did not write more kindly for the voice, I hail the new musical drama as altogether a worthier and more satisfying form of art. Italian opera has had its use; it has been used merely as a grand singing school—an immense *soffeggio* school in public. Without its purely conventional form and absolute subservience to vocal gymnastics, it is doubtful whether vocalization as taught at Milan would ever have reached its present perfection; but its time, in its old form at least, is past, and no one has practically admitted that more fully than its greatest living exponent—Verdi. Compare Verdi's early work with 'Aida' or 'Otello,' just produced (1887)—and what should you say, Alexis?"

"That Verdi, like Gounod, has carefully read Wagner's scores and studied his principles, borrowed his '*leit motif*,' elaborated his own choruses,

naturalized his situations, and schooled his ensembles until we get a series of characters actually resembling real human beings placed in situations not absolutely impossible, whose actions are not often ludicrous and improbable, whilst they are frequently natural, as in 'Aida,' and sometimes touched, as in 'Traviata,' with a startling realism which M. Zola himself would find it hard to improve upon."

"I do dislike that dreadful death on the stage," said Aurelia; "and, however realistic the acting may be, it has always seemed to me ridiculous to hear a woman supposed to be in the last stages of consumption using her voice so lustily to the end. Now what I love is the Duke's song in 'Rigoletto,' and the famous quartet."

"Then again," I added, "Verdi is the disciple, I will not say of Wagner, but of Germany. The skill of his part writing came from the wrong side of the Alps. 'C'est la mélodie a plusieurs étages,' as Liszt used to say of Wagner's great orchestral combinations, which it was at one time the fashion to call unmelodic. Verdi feels, especially in his culminating operas, the modern call for that complex form, combined with clearness of expression and unity of purpose, of which perhaps the closing first act in 'Lohengrin' is at once the most perfect and the most popular example, but Verdi is far below the great German master in his power of sustaining a dramatic crisis for a great length of time. His greatest effects, like the entrance of the two sets of trumpeters in 'Aida,' are at most brilliant bursts, repeated with little variation; there is nothing of that long-drawn-out weaving and unwinding of a great emotion which makes the death scene of Isolde, or any one of Wagner's great love duets, a complete and exhaustive expression of an intensely human, pathetic, and universally intelligible situation."

At this point Cousin Phoenix, who had been taking snuff rather more frequently than usual, as he was wont to do when suffering under suppressed irritation, cut in with a final protest to relieve himself.

"Well, well, young people, I'm an old stager; I've seen every actress and every singer and every danseuse for the last—no, Miss Aurelia, I shall not tell you how many years—you may guess—and I deliberately say that I don't care to go home after the opera with a headache and wake up with a nightmare. That's the effect of 'Tannhauser' on me. Give me back Alboni and Grisi; give me Mario and Lablache—with Taglioni for a *pas seul*! But what's the use of talking about 'em all to you? You never heard them—you never saw them; you no more know what Italian melody could be, warbled by a Grisi or a Lind in their prime, than you know what grace of motion meant in a Cerito and Taglioni. Dancing is dead, and so's the Italian opera. Your grotesque capers and dislocated limbs at the Alhambra have replaced the first; your gabble and scream, in what you call the Musical Drama, have ousted the second."

"Don't excite yourself, Cousin Phoenix, we won't quarrel with you. You know," continued Alexis, "we are all incorrigibles; we belong to Wagner; you to Rossini; but we believe all you say about the charm of Italian melody. Of course, the Italians are the great melodists; of course, to them belong the glorious voices and the art of training them; and, if we only go a little further back, we can join hands with you on Italian ground. Aurelia, sing that famous old Italian canticle to the Virgin which is said to have saved the life of Stradella, and which was the last music Chopin listened to as he lay upon his death-bed."

Aurelia went to the piano, and, standing with her face half in deep shadow whilst Alexis ran his fingers over the keys and settled down with a few severe and organ-like chords, began the *saave* and solemn chant, so full of pure melody and serene calm. Aurelia's eyes looked straight before her—she seemed at times half dreaming—she stood motionless; only once a slight tremor seemed to pass through her from head to foot, at the end of



a long-sustained note, and the pale yellow rose fell out of her hair with out her noticing it.

Cousin Phoenix, who sat, snuff-box in hand, was so genuinely affected by Aurelia's sweet and sympathetic voice that he forgot to take one pinch all the way through; but he marked the fall of the rose, and at the close of the song he advanced towards the young girl and picked it up—a little stiffly. Then, addressing Aurelia, with a stately, old-fashioned bow, remarked, "My dear young lady, when you sing like that we do not ask what you sing; so divine a sentiment levels all schools and belongs to none. You love that song, so do I. It is Italian, though not of this age; it is yours and mine. Let this rose sign the peace between us; it will be safe in Cousin Phoenix's keeping, if you will allow him to keep it, and I warrant you the peace shall never be broken. Your song to the Virgin has affected me deeply. I felt myself in the Cathedral at Sienna—I could even smell the incense—"

"The snuff, you mean, Cousin Phoenix," said Alexis, laughing.

"How can you spoil all the pretty things Cousin Phoenix was saying to me?" exclaimed Aurelia, with a little assumed pout, which at last yielded to a mischievous little smile as she turned to her mature admirer. "Cousin Phoenix, you shall have my rose, on condition that you sign a formal retraction of your shocking words descriptive of Wagner's vocal music as 'gabble and scream'—I sing Wagner's music too."

"Then," said the gallant Phoenix, "I will sign anything, and for the future I will never hear a note of Wagner's music except when you please to sing it to me."

"Who would have thought it?" said I. "This is the thin end of the wedge with a vengeance. I warrant you we shall end by converting him to Wagner."

"Wagner's the word," says Cousin Phoenix, as he took up his gold-headed cane to go. "Wagner's the word—and, if you please—Aurelia!"

## A Russian Violin.

BY HENRI GREVILLE.

### CHAPTER XV.—(continued).

"WHAT is it you who have given us such a fright?" said André, who had evidently observed his guests without appearing to do so; "is it you, Petit-Gris? Have you jumped there from the drawers? And have you had a nap? And now would you like some cream? How will you manage to come down? It is not everything to occupy an elevated position; one should know how to quit it gracefully, as statesmen will tell you when their place is filled up by others!"

Petit-Gris, very perplexed, perched his four feet upon the edge of the hole, but the distance of his position from the table was formidable for so small a body. He set his back up and balanced himself with his tail, but his equilibrium was most unsteady.

"Is it not like European politics?" said André, seeing him hesitate. "Well, now, my friend, learn that grandeur is sometimes a painful burden."

He took hold of the cat tenderly, lifted it in the air, turned it round, and deposited it on the table, where this animal, destitute of moral education, and probably never destined to have had one, immediately walked towards the cream jug.

"Wait!" said André, arresting him in his walk, not without encountering an energetic resistance.

He poured him some cream in a saucer, and the cat lapped it with evident satisfaction, after which he sat down, and, winking his eyes on all the company, licked his lips with a voluptuous slowness.

"So young," said André, while pouring out the tea for his new neighbours, "so young, and he has already all the vices! Ah! my friends, the world is well-arranged! Nothing is better arranged. Petit-Gris is born idle, greedy, and a thief; and—admire Providence! Everything is provided, even an alto box for a siesta and cream for supper! What foresight!"

The two brothers scarcely understood this irony and were silent, not knowing what to say. Victor commenced, however:—

"Is that cat yours?" he said, in a timid voice.

"There is shown in all its beauty the occult power which governs us," replied André. "No, my friends, if I may call you so, Petit-Gris is not mine; it belongs to my landlady, but I cherish it! Not that it cares for me, but, by a mysterious law of affinity, I, who care nothing for it, lodge and nourish it; it sleeps on my own pillow, my friends, and at night when I move and disturb it—involuntarily I beg you to believe—he hits me with his paw to bring me back to the order and submission which are the lot of man when *vis-à-vis* with the beast, when once he has permitted him access to his dwelling."

"Do you like cats?" asked Victor, who understood less and less.

"I? Not at all! I neither love nor fear them; they are to me no more than other animals."

"Then, why are you so good to this one?" said Demiane, who felt that there was something hidden under this apparently idle gossip.

"Because," said André, striking the palm of his hand on the edge of the table, "if I permit this animal to live with me I should show him hospitality in the true sense of the word. He comes to me with confidence; should I crush in him this noble sentiment and be scorned by a cat—and such a cat! a tiny little cat—for having acted disloyally towards him? I should have forbidden him access to my room. I lacked energy to do so, and moreover cats creep in everywhere. I did, indeed, resist a little, but feebly; he felt my inferiority, and made use of it henceforth to rule me completely. It is the old history of man and woman, Samson and Delila, people and governments. Petit-Gris, you are at once a lesson in morals and history!"

The cat scanned by turn the three young men, opening and closing its green eyes, in the midst of which the pupil appeared to be a scarcely noticeable black line. The young men listened astonished, and Victor was wondering if their host was not a little touched, when the latter turned towards Demiane.

"How old are you?" he said, "if it is not a rude question."

"I am eighteen years old," replied the young man, a little ashamed at being no older.

"And you?"

"Nearly twenty," replied Victor, with assurance. Twenty years is a cipher, and one can avow it boldly.

"You are very young to make the grand plunge! But some make it earlier. I was younger than you when I commenced to struggle through the slough of life."

"Then you have not always been a musical instrument maker?" asked Demiane, who felt some light dawning upon him.

"Ah! you see that, young man? Not bad, for a commencement. No, my friends and neighbours, I have only been a musical instrument maker for four years; before that I was a student of the Faculty of Law, in this very town, and I only had one year left to complete before obtaining my licence, when I became a musical instrument maker—a fine profession, gentlemen!"

"Was it of your own free will?" asked Demiane, emboldened by the certainty of being on the track of the truth.

"Of my own free will, if you like. Yes, since I preferred to be a musical instrument maker rather than a bootmaker or a clerk. But it is not by my own free will that my career is ruined; why should

I hide it from you? It is no mystery, and besides you do not wish to injure me! I was concerned in a scandal at the University, like an idiot as I was; I ran very close to being set to Siberia, but luckily escaped it. But my career was ruined, and now I am a violin maker! That is my history."

Demiane remained silent, but presently he expressed his thoughts thus:—

"You said just now—pardon me for repeating it—that you were an idiot to have taken part in this scandal; it was a challenge I suppose; you wished something unreasonable?"

"Not at all! nothing unreasonable! But it was done in such a stupid manner! You should not kick up a row when you are in the right! You should wait your time, and, when it comes, speak. It is not by breaking chairs that abuses are reformed!"

Victor was overcome with fatigue, and scarcely listened to the conversation in which his brother was engaging with their new friend. In about half an hour, Demiane rose, and, shaking hands with his host, said:—

"I think that I shall trouble you very often, for I have much to learn, and you seem to me a good teacher."

"I shall teach you whatever you wish," replied he, "even to make violins, if you like."

"To make violins?" repeated Victor, who suddenly woke up.

"And things about a time far distant, a time when neither Petit-Gris nor you or I shall be in this world," said André, lighting them to their door.

### CHAPTER XVI.

VICTOR spent his evenings with Benjamin Roussot, who would no doubt have preferred Demiane, but certainly his studies gained by the supervision of the elder, who was more serious, and less easily put out, in spite of his great timidity. Victor possessed a depth of unalterable patience, while his brother had only the will; patience and persistence are often confounded, yet they differ essentially; the latter admits of impatience and revolts, which the other excludes. Demiane knew how to resist fate, to vanquish material obstacles, to struggle with mechanical difficulties; but the true patience which commences a dozen times the same work, always upset by the capricious hand of destiny—which recommences it without anger, without inward rage, without even hidden ill-humour—that was Victor's attribute and not his.

One day, as Demiane was preparing to go out and give his lessons, the number of which had considerably increased, Victor timidly seized his arm.

"Would you be displeased," he said, "to see me earn my living by manual labour?"

"That depends," replied Demiane, smiling, for he thought Victor was joking. "If it is by chopping wood or carting bricks I should prefer you to refrain from it."

"It is not that," said Victor, more and more confused, as if he were confessing some crime, "but André has asked me if I would work with him at his master's; it appears that a clever workman can earn a good deal of money. I should like it very much if you do not object."

Demiane became serious. In feeling that he knew nothing and had everything to learn, he had entered on the road to wisdom, and on this road he had encountered a multitude of things which he knew very well, but whose utility had never before been demonstrated to him. Among others, he had recognized that a life of privations is beautiful in the distance, but that in the present it demands perpetual self-abnegation. He had seen also that his brother was vexed at earning less than himself—not in his self-love, poor Victor having long ago given up all earthly vanities, but in his brotherly love—and reproached himself with costing his brother more than he earned. A less prejudiced judge would have taken into account that, thanks to the inevitable outlay upon new coats and fresh linen, Demiane, who went out more, also spent



much more; but Victor would not or could not consider things in this light.

"I should so much like to make violins," he insisted, in a supplicating manner; "you know quite well that yours is very wretched. When I know how, I will make you one."

Demiane drew his brother to him; they scarcely embraced each other, for they had passed the age of childish effusions, but from time to time a warm grasp drew them to each other's hearts.

"You know well that I cannot refuse that," said the young musician, "and yet I ought, for you will fatigue yourself and perhaps become ill."

"Oh! not with that," said Victor laughing, for he felt so happy, "you know my natural idleness; I think you may be happy on that score, for, assure yourself, I shall never do too much."

Demiane shook his head. In their little *ménage*, it was Victor who undertook all the labour, it was he who carried the water, tidied the room, and settled the *menu*, and this arrangement had seemed quite natural to them.

"Anyhow," said the musician, "do as you wish, my brother, and it will be for the best."

The next morning Victor went with André to his master, Miller. What he learned and gained are not matters of great interest, and he did not make much noise over his apprenticeship. But on returning he had a contented air, his health appeared to improve from this change of scene and the long walks which it entailed. M. Roussot, on learning his resolution, had shown him greater friendship; Benjamin alone had teased him for a few days, and then he was left alone.

Some weeks after, one Sunday, while our friends were occupied in tidying their room, for it had been neglected since Victor's daily absence, André tapped at their door, and opened it.

"Are you very busy?" he asked.

"Yes and no; what do you want?"

"Because if you have time this evening I shall take you to a German ball; it is worth going to."

"Is there any charge for admission?" asked the always practical Victor.

"Yes, a *gesellschaft*, as they say. The entrance is not much, the scale of things is not very elevated; what do you say?"

"How much admission?"

"Thirty kopeks; some of Miller's workmen have introduced me there; they will present you, for you must be presented, but that is no fearful ceremony. You may make yourself tipsy on condition that you are not noisy; if you make a noise they will turn you out."

Demiane looked at Victor, and lowered his eyes, he wanted very much to see a ball, and this ball was a German *gesellschaft*—he who had never had the least peep into the world, not even through a gate ajar—but he dared not say so.

"They will mock me," said Victor, with hesitation; he understood his brother's desire, but he was so afraid of being turned into ridicule. "Go without me, Demiane."

"No," replied the latter, firmly, "I shall not go without you."

"While you are settling your friendly squabble," said André, "I shall go and brush my best clothes; a dress coat is not the correct thing, you know, with the Germans."

His head disappeared, and Victor looked at his brother with a supplicating air.

"I beg you," he said, "go and amuse yourself; I will remain here, and read a book which André lent me a month ago, and which I have not yet been able to commence."

With a decided shake of the head, Demiane replied no. This ball had for him a sort of attraction which he dared not define and which he did not feel capable of braving alone. He was afraid of what he wished to try, and believed that he would discover there something unhealthy in some way, and he did not wish to bear the whole responsibility of such a step. Not that he feared he would become drunk or be in the society of drunkards;

he had seen drunkards in his village, where the flasks were emptied at his home during the parish feast, and he had been a peaceful and little scandalized witness of comical little scenes occasionally. What he feared was the word *ball*—he figured to himself a whirlwind in which women passed in low-necked gowns, and with flowers in their hair, as he had once seen at Madame Roussot's, when he was quite small, on the occasion of Benjamin's baptism.

Victor foresaw nothing of the kind; he had a horrible fear of being turned to ridicule on account of his infirmity. He said willingly, "I am a hunchback," and that cost him nothing; he went and came in the streets careless of his deformity, because he knew it was inevitable, because he must go into the streets, and, moreover, he only looked straight before him; then, the people are naturally charitable, and the wretches disposed to mock at infirmity are perhaps rarer than anywhere in Russia, where respect for the failings of nature is almost a religion.

He continued his arranging silently and a little sadly; at one moment his eyes met Demiane's; their thoughts were on the same object, but neither one nor the other would speak, and this silence weighed heavily on them. It was not a sulking fit, however—very far from that; but each felt sentiments which he did not wish to communicate to the other, Demiane from bashfulness, Victor from false pride.

The latter, seeing that his brother did not wish to alter his decision, plunged into a new vein of thought. One day or other they must quit the solitude in which they were living. Would he be able to let Demiane bear alone the anguish of his first concert? M. Roussot had said that the young violinist ought to enter the Conservatoire next winter; would Victor refuse himself all his life the pleasure of going to meet him, of assisting at his examinations, of hearing him proclaimed first prize?—that first prize of which they had both dreamed in their hours of enthusiasm. The young man said that he could never pardon himself if he deprived his brother of a sympathy so dear at this solemn moment.

This point gained, Victor asked himself why he should not commence that very day to sacrifice his feelings, and to quench his self-love, since he must do it some time, and his hesitation did not last long. With a heroism of which he was far from believing himself capable, he crushed what he called his egotism, and, not without secret grief, he decided that that very day he would empty at a draught the cup of humiliation.

"That is better," he said, to persuade himself that until now he had been but a coward; "at least after this proof I shall no longer be afraid; I shall know what it is. And then one must pass through that! I am a man; one must be brave and not fear to throw one's self into the water when one wishes to learn swimming."

After encouraging himself in this manner, the young man raised his eyes bravely to his brother; but the latter avoided his glance, not wishing to read the regret in his eyes, so he was forced to speak to him.

"Demiane," he said to him, "you know we must go to this ball. I have reflected that I was wrong. We know nothing of the world; it is necessary to learn what others do; we shall never learn by remaining in our shell. If you have no objection, we shall go with André."

"Perhaps they will mock you?" replied his brother, moved in his turn at the thought of the possible humiliation of his dear brother. Without waiting to listen to Victor's protestation, who assured him that such a thing never had happened and never would, Demiane shook his sturdy arms: "If any one mocks my brother once, he will not do it twice I promise you!"

And our friends soon commenced their preparations for what they called, with the boldness of youth, "going into the world."

## CHAPTER XVII.

THE *gesellschaft* was held in the fourth storey of a high, ugly house, in one of the finest streets of the German quarter; with low ceilings, perfumed with smoke, ill-lighted by candles which much resembled tallow, these two ball rooms communicated with a restaurant favoured with the name of "buffet," where were sold abundant supplies of meat, beer, and brandy. As etiquette and elegance are the first laws of worldly life, these rooms contained a corridor called a "smoking room," being furnished with curtains in the doorways, for the doors had been taken away to facilitate communication, and the perfume of sausage and garlic was agreeably mixed with that of Hamburg pipes and horribly strong cigars, which the Germans prefer to perfumed tobacco.

The first impression was painful to our friends olfactory nerves, little accustomed to such complicated mixtures, and then—one becomes accustomed to everything—they ceased to suffer after a few minutes. Victor was abashed, Demiane disappointed; he found the ceiling low, the women vulgar, and the men ill-dressed. He had dreamed otherwise. Alas! how many times in life do we find the reality equal to our dreams? So often they vanish with all their disillusion!

Music resounded, and the men approached the women, who, seated along the walls, under the yellow light of the candles, were menaced with a deluge of tallow—happily the prudent major domo had not spared the sockets—and every one commenced to turn methodically to the sound of a waltz by Strauss.

O Strauss! king of the waltz, was it for Teuton feet that you gave wings to the "Beautiful Blue Danube," to the "Leaves of the Morning," and so many other creations of your brain? Did you think that the Viennese alone would dance to these melodies upon their agile toes? The waltzes of Vienna have gone all round the world; they are danced at Paris and at Moscow, as at Berlin and even at Potsdam; but there the large flat feet turn round heavily, like elephants' feet, and the beautiful melody does not succeed in lifting from the ground these bodies, which balance themselves with the grace of a white bear digesting a meal, but always in measure! Is it better in an æsthetic point of view to waltz in measure in a most ungainly fashion, or out of time and contrary to good sense, as at Paris, but with the careless grace of people who think themselves perfect, and do not suspect the existence of anything better?

Demiane could not have answered the question; he gravely regarded the couples passing before him, and asked himself why they came there to hop about. Finding this problem too difficult, he limited his regard to the women who surrounded him. They were for the most part fat cooks, whose rough hands made their cheap gloves crack; the *femmes de chambre* were recognised by their more elegant dress and their impertinent air. One can never over-estimate the distance between a German *femme de chambre* and her compatriot the cook; indeed, the latter feel their inferiority, and content themselves by getting rich more quickly, which is a notable compensation.

There were some Russians there also, married to Germans, and partly naturalised; but, for dancing, language does not matter, and these women waltzed as energetically as if they knew Goethe by heart.

"Well," said André to our friend, "aren't you going to dance?"

"Oh!" said Demiane, frightened, "I do not know how!"

"What does that matter? One never knows how the first time! Do you imagine that all these fine people have had a dancing master? Do as the others do!"

The waltz ended, a quadrille was formed, and everywhere gentlemen were eagerly endeavouring to secure a *vis-à-vis*.



"Come now!" said André, pushing the young man.

"I do not know any one."

"Neither do I, not any ladies, at least; but that does not matter, I shall present you. To whom? Here are two very fascinating—"

"I do not know German, hardly enough—"

"They speak Russian in this corner, at least as well as you speak German; here are two speaking Russian, a brunette and a blonde; to which would you like me to present you?"

Demiane hesitating, his companion drew him towards the young brunette, and said loudly:—

"Markof!" After which he left them and rejoined Victor, who was looking about with an enchanted air, partly hidden by a curtain.

The young brunette bowed and smiled; Markof ventured to ask her for the contre-danse, avowing in a whisper that he could not dance.

"Oh! that does not matter," replied his partner; "do you speak German?"

"Very little; and you, do you speak Russian?"

"Not much. But that does not matter."

Since nothing mattered all was for the best, and Demiane, at his partner's request, set out in search of a *vis-à-vis*; he found one engaged in a similar quest, and two minutes after Demiane made his début, pushed and drawn by his partner, who turned him about just like a teetotum.

It was with great satisfaction that he saw the figure draw to a close; while the side couples in their turn executed the first movement, he addressed himself to his lady, who was fanning herself energetically.

"It is aggravating," he said to her, "to be unable to express one's thoughts."

The young girl seemed to think that there were a thousand ways of expressing one's thoughts, and that one never need be at a loss; but she did not know enough Russian to say so modestly, nor her cavalier enough German to understand an insinuation. She contented herself with throwing him a coquettish glance, and laughing aloud without embarrassment.

"What is your name?" asked Demiane, quite encouraged.

"Caroline Neuman; and you, Mr. Markof—what is your Christian name?"

"Demiane."

"That is pretty."

"Caroline is prettier."

"I do not think so."

"Choose your partners!" shouted the master of the ceremonies. And Demiane threw himself headlong into the quadrille, provoking laughter among the ranks of the dancers. Ashamed at his misadventure he stopped short, and Caroline was obliged to take him by the hand and lead him through the movement. This incident made them great friends, and when the quadrille was ended, Demiane obtained the promise of a second contre-danse.

"You must waltz, and dance the polka too," said the lady, with an engaging smile.

"I do not know how?"

"I shall teach you. Come and seek me for the first polka."

Thus Demiane found at once a dancing master and a professor of German.

Enchanted by this brilliant début, and not dreaming of asking another partner, he went to rejoin his brother.

"It is amusing, is it not?" he said to him, wiping his forehead, for he was exceedingly hot.

"Yes, indeed!" replied Victor, who was beginning to feel sick, thanks to the combined odours of victuals and tobacco. "Have you danced? Are you enjoying yourself? Come, you are getting on."

"And you do not dance?"

"Are you dreaming? I am amused with watching you; it is very pretty, and you dance so well."

This blindness of brotherly love made Demiane laugh, and Victor joined in, after which he sent him away to enjoy his success. Emboldened by two or three waltzes, which he had scrambled

through without too much giddiness, excited by the heated air and the light, and by that undefinable quality always ready to upset the brains of youth, like champagne corks, Demiane noticed a little blonde whom her cavalier had just deposited on a chair. He clasped her waist, and they both joined in the whirlwind, pitilessly knocking down other waltzers, but waltzing all the same, if you please!

When the orchestra had finished Demiane returned to Caroline, who commenced to vent her jealousy.

"What!" she said; "am I to teach you dancing and then you go and dance with another?"

"But," replied Demiane, very wisely, "you dance also with other men!"

"Oh! I! But that is not at all the same! I do it in order not to be compromised by you."

At the thought that he could compromise a lady Demiane blushed with shame and satisfaction. This idea opened to him new perspectives, and would have opened more to him had he not been so naïve and unaccustomed to society, but Caroline should make up for that. They commenced to converse, and then Demiane learnt that she was a dressmaker, that she left her workroom at eight o'clock in the evening, that she always went home alone; consequently he announced his intention of fetching her next evening; she assured him that she would never pardon him if he did, and both were perfectly certain that they would meet each other next day at eight o'clock, which inspired them with the most communicative gaiety.

It was about ten o'clock, and the ball was at its height, the women were becoming very red, and the men spoke very loudly; the result of partaking freely of refreshments, when a group of young people collected under the chandelier; they laughed and chatted at the top of their voices, like people who have no secrets. The orchestra was refreshing itself also, and the violin came to join them. He fulfilled the functions of leader of the orchestra and at the same time played the first part, so that particular consideration was awarded to him. After having chatted a few moments, he accepted a pint of beer and went towards the buffet with his friends. This was not the first drink he had had, and he staggered slightly in regaining the group. The unfortunate man remarked Victor, who until then had been partly hidden, but, emboldened by the inattention of the assistants, had risked quitting the protecting shelter of his curtain.

"Who is that Æsop?" cried the musician, laughing in a loud vulgar manner. "Where have you fallen from, my friend? Go and hide your hump, only fine men like myself are allowed here!"

He straightened his body with satisfaction and passed his fingers through his greasy hair. Demiane rushed into the middle of the group which had collected:

"It is my brother!" he cried, "and I forbid you to mock him; his little finger is worth more than your whole body!"

He had spoken Russian, but every one understood him. With his flashing eyes, his hair thrown back, and his nostrils quivering, he was so beautiful that Mlle. Caroline fell madly in love with him, and all the women cried unanimously:

"He is quite right! The men are cowards!"

"Poor cripple!" screamed a voice so loudly that it was heard above the tumult.

It was Caroline's.

The assembly, suddenly roused, divided into two parties; the Master of the Ceremonies, for the *gesellschaft* possessed one just as much as the Court, gave the musician a slight reproof, concerning his want of charity and good-breeding. The latter, not sobered, but feeling his fault, was brutally forced into the passage by the men, repulsed also by the women, who uttered shrill cries like peacocks.

"Ah! you blame me," he cried, "for a miserable hunchback who has crept in among you? Very well, you may find some one else to play to you."

He disappeared into the vestibule, seized his coat and shoes, and went grumbling downstairs.

Every one looked around stupidly. If the leader

of the orchestra went, no more violin, then no more dancing. Public opinion immediately veered round against Demiane.

"It is his fault," cried twenty enraged voices; "what are you doing here? To the door with strangers! We are without music."

"Without music?" cried Demiane, "without music: is that what troubles you? He has left his violin, the idiot! I will play you some music!"

He sprang upon the platform, seized the violin which the *capell-meister* had left to the care of his subordinate in his hurried flight, and vigorously attacked one of Lanner's waltzes, then quite the fashion, which he had played a hundred times. Mechanically the other musicians took it up on their instruments and played their best; couples paired off and began to dance, while public opinion, taking a third turn in the course of five minutes arrived at an irrevocable verdict, and shouted for Demiane with a frantic hurrah.

Impassable, hardly deigning even to smile, so much did he feel himself above this fantastic multitude, the young man directed his four musicians as if he had done nothing else all his life. The fiery *capell-meister's* violin was a good instrument, much better than Demiane had ever used; and Demiane felt a strange joy in hearing it resound in his ears, in feeling it vibrate on his breast; he felt also a singular pride in swaying this crowd so lately hostile, and which now he felt at his mercy. He finished the waltz with regret; he would have played thus always, lost in an intoxicating atmosphere of triumph for himself and contempt for the others.

When he laid down his bow, he was surrounded by the assistants, who begged him to continue; the musicians themselves, enchanted with anything which could hurt their chief—is one not always enchanted at anything which can hurt one's chief?—offered their homage to Demiane.

"You are very talented," said the Master of the Ceremonies to him. "Will you do me the honour of accepting a glass of beer?"

"On condition that my brother is invited too," replied Demiane, proudly.

Victor shared the young musician's ovation, and two hours after they left with André, who had philosophically observed everything, without showing any astonishment, and had taken his friends' part.

"They have asked me for your address," he said to Demiane; "they will come, to-morrow, and offer you the *capell-meister's* bâton. Be prepared for it, and do not let it dazzle you by its brilliant perspectives."

"It is not possible!" said Demiane, abashed.

"I tell you so. Only if you accept, in a fortnight you will be ousted by him whose place you now take, and who will be restored into favour. You will have some trouble to go through, my friend; I have been studying you for three months; one can make nothing of you, you are not made for intrigue!"

It was as André had predicted, and Demiane, for the first time in his life, could allow himself the royal pleasure of refusing a position.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

THE winter passed without inconvenience. Demiane had learnt German, which he spoke very well, and Victor was commencing to make a cheap guitar suitable to amateurs of modest fortune, when the spring returned to cover Moscow with the veil of dust which is as natural to it as the leaves to the trees in the forest. The young musician was preparing to pass his entrance examination at the Conservatoire, but a new fear paralysed his fingers on the strings; he commenced to feel the insufficiency of his first studies, and asked himself if ever they would admit to the masters' lessons a pupil who fingered so oddly, and used his bow so audaciously. More than once M. Roussot had procured him concert tickets, and he had been comparing artists' playing with his own: there



was sometimes the same passionate vehemence—the sentiment was indeed much less profound, more conventional; but the delicate shadings, the perfect rendering discouraged the young man, who knew enough already to understand the distance between himself and these virtuosi.

One spring evening he was waiting for Victor, who was rather late, to enjoy the sweetness of a first warm clear evening, after the long rainy nights of the preceding month; he had opened his window, only just freed from its winter coating of ice. The slender lilacs which adorned the little garden were quickly budding, and already one could see little brown bunches hidden among the pale green leaves; it was a promise, and Demiane drank in delightedly the delicious odour of the newborn sap which carried him away to the neighbouring country. He took up his violin, and to pass the time played some exercises; then unconsciously his fingers quitted the well-known movements to form some capricious sounds which he allowed to group themselves at pleasure. A melody was formed; it resembled those he had played a hundred times, but soon it changed, quitting the ordinary track and spreading into space with the young man's thoughts. He played, and his mind took wings and carried him away from everything, body and soul, from the mean and vulgar things of this world.

Demiane imagined himself in another world: he soared above the tranquil drowsy little grey house, where no artificial light disturbed the sweetness of passing day. The peaceful place where nothing passed, except when the trains went by to the little frequented railway station, which was also in darkness; in the soft twilight, in the silent dust the little hired *drochki* rolled slowly along, at the pace of weary horses, conducted by sleepy coachmen; and this silent procession seemed to Demiane like part of a dream. Was it a sweeter day, a duskier light, which bathed the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon at evening? Had more fervent prayers been addressed to Orpheus to group the stones in harmonious masses? The young man played, and all about him, around him, took an ideal and divine pureness; he had quite forgotten Caroline and her vulgar surroundings—the young German no longer existed for him; he saw moving slowly beneath the soil, through his half-closed eyes, mysterious and symbolical groups of the Parthenon.

Why had Greece visited thus this obscure uncultivated child, who almost entirely ignored it; who only knew of it by a few photographs, a few drawings, some lines read here and there by hazard from a half-open book, left about by one of the pupils? It was perhaps the old fiction of Orpheus which had awakened in him the sacred rhythm of the antique dances; he played, oblivious of his surroundings, unconscious of the growing darkness, his eyes lost in the deep grey twilight, and he stopped to listen to the inner voice which dictated his melody.

"How beautiful that is, brother!" said Victor, stopping before him, his hands joined in a nestasy.

He had returned, but had not dared to enter for fear of disturbing the musician, and had listened outside, leaning against the hedge in the little garden.

"Is it beautiful? Listen again."

Demiane recommenced; but his mood had changed. He foreshadowed his future glory; full of pride and enthusiasm, he dominated the world. Continuing his dream, he was Alexander entering into the conquered towns in a chariot drawn by six white horses. The vanquished kings walked at his side in the dust, and four-stringed lyres sung of his glory and omnipotence. The world was at his feet! Then his inspiration wearied, descended to the earth, and after some indecisive notes, he commended with incredible passion Veniarsky's celebrated Polonaise. All his vows, all his desires were concentrated in this truly extraordinary inspiration, which has no rival of its kind, and Victor enthusiastically slapped his hands at the first pause.

The train from Nijni had just arrived, and some few voyagers traversed the place, in *drochki* or on foot; but Demiane heeded them not. His inspiration would have been disturbed by a return to real life; the execution of a master's work, dominating the vulgar sounds, seemed to him, on the contrary, an affirmation of the force and power of his art.

In the semi-obscurity of these beautiful spring nights, two travellers, one of whom carried a violin case, walked leisurely along the square, when the younger stopped to listen to the music, so extraordinary at this hour and in this place.

"It is the Polonaise, the true and only Polonaise!" he said to his companion, "and it is not at all badly played! It is absurd, this reminds me of no one's playing, and he is by no means an amateur! Who can it be?"

Walking along the road, they approached the old house, and perceived Victor, who was listening intently, leaning on the balcony. The sounds came from the obscure window, but nothing could be seen.

"Who is playing there?" the traveller asked Victor, who trembled.

"It is my brother," replied the young man, with pride mixed with anxiety.

Perhaps he ought not to play so late with the window open? Suppose they had disobeyed some police regulation! What would be the penalty? What would become of them?

"Demiane," said the poor boy, in a stifled voice, "my brother, leave off."

"Not at all, not at all! Pray let him continue!" said the new-comer. "What he is playing is very curious. Who has taught him?"

"No one, sir; he has studied by himself."

"If he perseveres, he will become a great artist."

Hearing some one speak, Demiane had ceased playing; he approached the window to call his brother.

"Young man," said the traveller, "come here, I wish to speak to you."

Surprised, and a little troubled also, like Victor, the musician obeyed.

"I have just come from giving a concert at Nijni," said the stranger; "I am passing through here on foot, for I live not far from here; your music has surprised me. Is it long that you have played thus alone?"

"Almost four years," replied Demiane, feeling all at once that he was in the presence of the arbiter of his destiny.

"Would you like to enter the Conservatoire?"

"I have no other ambition."

"Come and see me to-morrow. Here is my card." The darkness prevented Demiane from reading it, and perhaps also the nervous trembling which seized him.

"I am called Verlomine," said the stranger, smiling slightly.

At this illustrious name, which had reformed the violin teaching in the Conservatoire, Demiane would have expressed his joy and recollection; but the two travellers were already disappearing in the grey twilight, and one could scarcely distinguish their black profiles against the dusty road.

"Here is an adventure!" said Victor, when he had recovered speech.

"My future is made!" cried Demiane, brandishing his bow.

(To be continued.)

THE mysterious voice which summoned Joan of Arc will be represented by a violin solo with organ accompaniment in the Mass which Gounod has written for the celebration in July of the coronation of Charles VII. in the ancient cathedral of Rheims. The solo has been composed specially for the young violinist, Henri Marteau, who has taken all France by storm.

## An Appeal,

AFTER POE.

—:o:—

Once upon a midnight dreary, Gilbert pondered weak and weary,  
Thinking of a curious title his new Comic Opera for,  
When a volume from him flinging, suddenly there came a ringing,  
As of some one madly clinging to the bell at the front door;  
"It is D'Oyly Carte," he muttered, "ringing at my big front door,

Merely this and nothing more."

Poking then the glowing ember, for 'twas cold as bleak December,  
Gilbert said, "Ah, I remember in the olden time of yore,  
Yea, and shall forget it never, though I were to live for ever,  
How I vainly did endeavour once to see my 'Pinafore';  
Sat and suffered awful anguish in the stalls at 'Pinafore,'  
Just that once, but nevermore."

"For the feeling sad uncertain at the rising of the curtain,  
Thrilled me with such terrors, that a solemn oath I swore,  
And the oath have oft repeated, that though kings and queens entreated  
I would ne'er again be seated in the stalls as once before,  
There to try and see the piece through, as I tried to do before,

Now to do so nevermore."

Open here was flung the portal by a pompous powdered mortal,  
Who then ushered Mr. Carte in, as he oft had done before;  
Not a moment stopped or stayed he, but a slight obeisance made he,  
And in voice of thunder said he, "Mr. Carte,"—then slammed the door,  
And in tones stentorian said he, "Mr. Carte,"—then slammed the door,

Only this and nothing more.

Mr. Carte then said quite coolly, "Mr. Gilbert, tell me truly,  
Have you found a proper title our new Comic Opera for?  
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, as you hope to go to Auldern,  
Have you really, really made 'un? Tell, O tell me, I implore!  
Tell me what its funny name is—tell, O tell me, I implore!"  
Answered Gilbert—"Ruddygore!"

Carte uprose, alarmed, astounded, by this title much confounded,  
For this word of dreadful meaning such a world of horror bore;  
And he said, "This title gruesome, I feel very sure will do some  
Injury, and we shall lose some thousands ere this piece is o'er;  
Such a name will surely ruin both your words and Arthur's score;

Therefore change it, I implore."

Then said Gilbert, calmly smoking, "D'Oyly Carte you must be joking;  
I have never found a title that I liked so much before,  
For it gives the play the seeming of a drama that is teeming  
With deeds of blood all streaming, which the people glout so o'er;  
Of those deeds all grim and ghastly that the people glout so o'er;

Therefore be it Ruddygore."

And with title so unfitting, people still are nightly sitting  
In the gallery, stalls, and boxes, from the ceiling to the floor;  
And although they can't help glancing at D. Lely when he's dancing,  
Think Miss Brandram's song entrancing, and give Grossmith an encore,  
Still all cry, "Oh, Gilbert, Gilbert, change this title, 'Ruddygore.'"

Not in spelling—we want more."

E. B. V.—*Pull Mall Gazette.*



## Verdi's "Otello."

VERDI'S melodic powers, freshness of conception, and dramatic orchestral colouring in "Otello," have won, so far as opinion can be heard, a sincere commendation. The musical visitors that crowded to Milan from all parts of Europe; the interest of the musical public for details; and the enthusiasm of artists and audience; manifest the estimation in which the veteran composer is held.

## The Rehearsals.

The secret of good performances is diligent rehearsals, and in this at La Scala the vigour and energy of the grand old silver-haired musician was markedly displayed—now showing the tenor how to die, or Mme. Pantaleone how to embrace her husband with sufficient fervour, and sometimes jumping down from the stage to the orchestra with the agility of a youth of twenty, eliciting from chorus and orchestra a hearty tribute for his genius and the honour he had done them in entrusting to them his noble work.

As illustrating Verdi's care at the rehearsal we give an extract from a letter written to a friend by Signora Pantaleone, who sustained the part of Desdemona. "I am very busy," she says, "rehearsing 'Otello.' Verdi keeps us till 4 P.M., and sometimes even later, and once kept me after the others were gone to repeat the divine song of the Willow. I am very glad that my friend Ceo will hear me in this opera, which contains things that are sublime in grandeur and originality. For my part I believe that Verdi never wrote anything like it. All the principal artists are in love with their own parts and envy those of their companions. Imagine what the public will be. The impatience has become quite feverish. Because of the intense cold I am obliged to take great care of myself, and feel quite worn out, and I am always going about with quinine in my hand."

## The Orchestration.

Signor Faccio's position in conducting was precisely that of Richter conducting a concert orchestra. "I do not know how it may be with other orchestras," Faccio said; "but, excellent as my musicians are, I find it necessary to be constantly overlooking them, and I really conduct as much with my eye as with my arm." The band numbered about ninety, with a great preponderance of strings. The wood, flutes, clarinets, and bassoons were comparatively weak in numbers, but not in quality. The wind, however, was both brilliant and sonorous. Such a body of violins, violas, violoncellos, and double basses as Signor Faccio had under his orders is not to be heard elsewhere. Since "Aida," Faccio has introduced into his orchestra the four-stringed double bass—as used in the German orchestras, instead of the typical three-stringed double bass—with far thicker strings and emitting, therefore, a fuller, deeper tone. "See what passages Verdi has written for this four-stringed double bass," said Faccio to those who objected to the change; and at the final rehearsal and representation the passages for the double basses, announcing and depicting Othello's murderous rage in the last act, did indeed cause a profound sensation.

Declamation holds the first place in the new work. With Wagner, who possessed a wonderfully varied orchestra, this system is at times heavy, though the leitmotif is a great help in this sort of thing—a kind of conducting wire. No trace of this, however, can be found in "Otello." There is indeed a phrase of the great duet in the first act

which reappears twice in the last; but this is not the leitmotif properly so called, it is rather a kind of loving remembrance that surrounds the dying soul of Otello. Declamation, as Verdi understands it, is a sort of compromise between the recitative *secco* and the style introduced by Wagner. Verdi gives more regularity, more variety of accent to the recitative, but his orchestration somewhat lacks the flexibility necessary to surround the voice as a harmonious whole.

## The Libretto

of Boito, which closely follows the Shakespearian text, is so constructed that though the composer has wished to adorn it with the thousand fires of his genius, he could hardly have done otherwise than he has. M. Boito's libretto is conceived in excellent literary form. It is the translation of a man of taste and cultivated intelligence; it has, nevertheless, one serious fault, in that the first act of Shakespeare's drama is suppressed, a course which renders the libretto somewhat obscure. One no longer knows whence arose the love of Desdemona for Otello, or that Roderigo is an ousted lover of Desdemona, and that he has been able to say to the Moor, "She will deceive thee, as she has deceived her father." These points are not without importance in making clear the continuation of the opera.

## The Audience.

The first performance of "Otello" is a recollection that will endure for a lifetime. Notwithstanding the many particulars which had been published, the representation was expected with feverish impatience. From midday an eager multitude gathered before the theatre gallery door, the only unreserved part, provided with bread, oranges and wine, prepared to wait eight or ten hours to ensure precedence. As the evening drew in, the streets near La Scala presented an extraordinary spectacle to an English eye. From the Hotel Milano, where Verdi was staying, to the theatre, the road was blocked by thousands of spectators. As Verdi came down the staircase of the hotel, which for the occasion was lined with scarlet and adorned with beautiful flowers and plants, he received an ovation: they cheered him from one door to the other with a passionate enthusiasm. It appeared as if the prestige and safety of the country depended on the success of the master's new opera, so deep was the personal interest of the whole population of the great Lombard city in the event so near at hand.

La Scala is entered by a perfect labyrinth of swinging doors, so that a block is impossible in the passages or the handsome foyers, which had been newly laid with dark crimson carpet. Inside the vast and beautiful building presented a brilliant spectacle. The gallery was filled with glowing faces that rose one above the other to the very roof. The six tiers of boxes that sweep round the house were crowded with the *élite* of Northern Italy—the ladies in brilliant dresses, arrayed as if for conquest, and some of them wearing the veil which is the relic of the national costume; resplendent under the beautifully suffused electric light of the central chandelier shone their jewels, the display of diamonds in the first, second, and third tiers being simply fairy-like. The officers, who have a large box of their own, reserved apparently for the senior ranks—the subalterns being confined to a special row of stalls—wore their parade uniforms, which glittered with decorations. Nor was the number of civilians adorned with the insignia of various Orders by any means small. If, however, the beauty and fashion of Italy displayed themselves above, the art and literature of all Europe were represented on the floor of the house. The stalls were full of critics, journalists, musicians, dramatic and operatic managers. Among those present in the boxes and stalls may be mentioned Ambroise Thomas, the director of the

Paris Opera, M. Massenet, Mr. and Mrs. Randegger, Signor Tosti, Mr. Sutherland Edwards, Mr. Joseph Bennett, and Dr. Hanslick of Vienna. Managers had crossed the ocean from South America, and noble families had hastened to Milan from Rome, Venice, Turin, Florence, in their demonstrativeness for the glory of Verdi. The scene, in brief, was one which could be witnessed only in Italy, and, of the Italian cities, in Milan, the musical and the moral capital of the Peninsula, as she is proud to call herself. At a few minutes before eight the sight of the joyous and excited audience was most imposing. The names of singers such as Capoul, Stagno, Stoltz, Waldmann, passed from mouth to mouth. Animated conversation on all sides filled the ample space with a deafening volume of conflicting sounds, which were suddenly completely hushed as the signal was given to the orchestra.

## The Representation.

The principal parts were taken by Signor Tamagno (Otello), M. Maurel (Iago), and Signora Pantaleone (Desdemona). These artists admirably sustained their several parts in what will now probably rank as Verdi's masterpiece. Signor Tamagno is a genuine Italian tenor, his upper notes are indeed magnificent, and he takes B flat with perfect ease. He also has the decided advantage, as an actor, of a fine presence. M. Maurel's name will be familiar to habitués of Covent Garden. His impersonation of Iago took the audience from the beginning, and the good impression he made was in no way lessened as the play proceeded. M. Maurel is a Frenchman, and it seems a pity that on so truly national an occasion as this no native artist could be found to take the part. Signora Pantaleone's representation of Desdemona fully deserved the appreciation of the audience which it received.

"Otello" has no overture. The curtain rises at once upon the storm scene. From the shores of the island of Cyprus people, soldiers, and lords follow the sudden changes of the tempest with anxiety; they see in the distance, tossed by the furious waves, the vessel bearing the triumphant Moor. The orchestral effects are surprising and the descriptive predominates. While the storm rages in the orchestra, cries of men and wailing of women are heard on the stage; fear and terror everywhere prevail up to the moment of Otello's landing. The general effect is here heightened by the impressiveness of the scenery. The sky streaked with lightning, waves tossing round the little fleet in distress, which rebound on the rocks in cascades of real water—all, in short, comes to the aid of the music, to impress and move the spectator to lively emotion. Gradually the clouds disperse, moonlight suffuses the scene and shines on the tossing sea. Otello addresses Desdemona in dulcet accents. The evening star is seen in the clear sky, and the act ends in poetic calmness.

In the next act the curtain rises on the scene of the hall and garden, and preceded by splendid trumpet effects the *credo* begins. Iago here appears in quite a Mephistophelian light, and this gave the composer an opportunity of which he has fully availed himself. The soliloquy, beginning "I believe in a cruel God who has made me like himself," is a fine example of the cynical and mocking in music. Iago's monologue prepares the public for a scene in which he diabolically arouses in the mind of Otello suspicion against Desdemona. At this moment Desdemona appears in the garden from a wide opening at the end of the scene, which is most effective. She is surrounded by ladies, children, and Cypriote and Albanian sailors, who present her with flowers. Then the chorus comes on the stage, and although a little too much developed, it is at least charming in its first part with a piquant mandoline accompaniment. What else? A painful interlude between Otello and Desdemona, which is only a soft prelude to others



more terrible. A very fine quartette between Desdemona, Otello, Iago, and Emilia is followed by a duet between Iago and Otello, in which Otello bids his farewell to love, and departs with threats of vengeance.

The introductory music of the third act is very beautiful. This act was, however, not well appreciated. It has the drawback of coming after the second act and repeating all its situations aggravated. We might, in fact, easily admit extenuating circumstances for the second act, since up to a certain point it has the merit of novelty; but we cannot have the same indulgence for a repetition of the offence. The gem of this act is certainly the short trio between Iago, Cassius, and Otello concealed, which is of singular originality. In the finale the maledictions and rage of Otello have a strangeness and take a terrible character in these words:

"Fly! all, fly Otello!  
Fly, fly all, Otello!"

And when he is alone there is dejection and deep sadness in these words: "I cannot fly by myself." Then he falls to the ground, foaming and convulsive, while the chorus sings outside, "Long live Otello! Glory to the lion of Venice!" Then the hideous Iago appears, and pointing to Otello's body, cries sarcastically, "There lies the lion of Venice!"

The fourth act is very short, playing only twenty-two minutes; but it is full of musical beauty. The bedchamber scene concentrates the final action. The "Willow Song," sung by Desdemona, is one of the simplest and most unaffected things Verdi ever wrote, and one of the most moving. It is followed by an Ave Maria which is eminently religious, simple, and beautiful. Desdemona retires to her couch. The room is still and dimly lighted. At last enters the Moor. The scene which follows is terrible; it goes on, quickly and excitedly, keeping the spectator breathless and terrified: "Otello, kill me not," cries the miserable woman, pursued by her spouse. "Thou defendest thyself in vain." "Let me yet live." "No, down, strumpet!"—"Mercy." "Die!"—"Let me live this night!" "No!"—"An hour!" "No!"—"An instant!" "No!"—"Let me only say a prayer." "It is too late! too late!" And he smothers her; then, when he is convinced of Desdemona's innocence, he stabs himself at the foot of the bed, murmuring in a whisper the beautiful love phrase of the first act:

"A kiss—yet a kiss—another kiss."

It is a truly superb climax, where the musician appears as the worthy collaborator of Shakespeare.

### Verdi,

when all was over, was called again and again to receive tributes of various kinds forced upon him. The enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. The applause continued for a long time. It was a truly grand and impressive sight—Verdi; Boito, the poet; Faccio, the conductor; and the singers appeared and reappeared; Verdi at last standing alone before the curtain, evidently much moved by the tumultuous cheering of the vast assembly.

The public seemed as though they would not lose sight of their favourite, and the demonstration by no means ended inside the theatre.

Outside in the square, under the calm light of the moon, a vast sympathetic crowd waited for a glimpse of the musical hero. On Verdi's appearance, eager admirers detached the horses from his carriage, and harnessing themselves, slowly drew it through a dense mass of wildly cheering people, to the hotel. A serenade was performed by the Amateur Mandoline Society. Ladies waved their kerchiefs and men their hats, and one long persistent hearty shout brought the *maestro* out on the balcony. It was two o'clock in the morning before the crowd dispersed.

Never has homage rendered to a celebrated

master been better justified. It was marvellous to see with what juvenile ardour this musical patriarch held himself, in the breach, endeavouring to progress unceasingly, and knowing up to the decline of life how to show himself equal to the circumstances of the time. From the "Nabucco" in 1842 to "Otello," what diverse stages and different styles, what impetuosities, coloured and reduced to a proper amount, to satisfy the quieter, perhaps more refined, tastes of our time. Leaving the works of Verdi's early youth, the "Ballo in Maschera," in certain of its parts, already indicated a change in the style of the composer of "Rigoletto" and "Il Trovatore;" with "Don Carlos" the movement was still more accentuated; with "Aida" we may say the end was attained; it will perhaps be said that with "Otello" it has been passed.

## Sophie Menter

(LA MARA).

—:o:—

IF Clara Schumann represents prominently the old school of piano-playing, Sophie Menter takes the first place among the lady pianists of the modern school. The greatest pianistic authority in the world, Franz Liszt, has adjudged her this place. Being of a thoroughly musical nature, she has devoted all her interests to her art and passes her whole life at her instrument. Her whole existence, unlike that of any of her pianist sisters, is concentrated in her art. If the *Voltaire* of Paris, 1881, is correct, Liszt has said about his favourite pianist daughter: "Sophie Menter is the piano itself: she does not play the piano; the piano plays her." And, indeed, every technical difficulty is child's play to her, the elasticity and unflinching power of her hand makes light of every exertion. The distinguishing characteristics of this pianistic music genius are: a most minutely and carefully developed technique, manly earnestness in the treatment of the intellectual part of her task, combined with warmth of feeling and brilliancy and fire of execution, which completely carry away her audience, but which, nevertheless, nowhere overstep the boundaries of artistic beauty and of feminine grace; an eminently original conception, with due consideration of even the most minute details; a tone distinguished by fulness and diversity of colouring, capable of doing justice to every, even the most tender, shade of feeling, and always ready for the illustration of the most contrary moods; and a peculiar sense for incisive rhythm, which recalls Bülow's maxim, "In the beginning was the rhythm."

Sophie Menter is of a most impulsive nature; on one day harmlessly cheerful, on the other deeply melancholy, she possesses, at the same time, a thoroughly honest character and a warm and amiable disposition. She has always devoted herself exclusively to her art with real artistic partiality, her whole intellectual strength and feeling is given to her vocation. What others consider indispensable to the enjoyment of life does not claim her attention; she takes, as musician, no interest in any other branch of art, and remains content with lending her gracefulness and beauty as models to the plastic arts. Poetry and literature have no charm for her, she does not feel the want of refreshing her intellect with good reading. Even concerts and theatres tempt her only if they have to offer something extraordinary. She finds no pleasure in the contemplation of nature, nor in social intercourse with eminent men, or friends. She has suffered many disappointments, and it pleases her to live in complete seclusion, leading a

most quiet and uniform life, which is only interrupted by occasional artist tours. Except for her art she has only one other passion, by many considered peculiar, that for her tom-cat Klex (ink-blot), thus named by Liszt on account of a black spot on his nose. He enjoys her whole affection, because, as she says, he never vexes her, and he is her constant companion on all her travels. His photograph was recently sold in Copenhagen, as if he, and not his mistress, were the great virtuoso. Klex is a popular personality in all the great towns of Europe, for it pleased his mistress to visit Italy, France, England, Spain, Scandinavia, Denmark, and Russia, after troubling herself little or not at all about the spreading of her fame—until 1879 she had only been heard in Germany, Switzerland, Holland, Austria, and Hungary. Her name was now all at once again on the lips of everybody. Wherever she was heard she was acknowledged to be a pianist of the first order. Every one asked, with astonishment, where this astounding performer, in whom one recognised the pupil of Liszt and Tausig, had remained hidden, how and where she had become so great!

Sophie Menter is of good musical descent. Her father was the once celebrated violoncellist, Joseph Menter, in Munich. Her mother, Wilhelmine Diepold, also possessed musical ability. From her father, one of the first officials at the court of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Hechingen, she inherited her love for music. She sang frequently during her youth, in church and court concerts, and the wish of the art-loving prince to give her a thorough musical education was frustrated only by her aversion for an artistic or theatrical career. Of the nine children, with which Joseph Menter's marriage was blessed, two only survived—Sophie, born on the 29th of July, 1846, and her sister Eugenie. (The latter also became a pianist. She played frequently and with great success in concerts, and now devotes herself chiefly to teaching in her native town of Munich.) Two older sisters, who were not less gifted than Sophie, took an active part in her first education, but they married early, renounced art, and died soon after. The little Sophie, then four years old, used to play unhesitatingly the melodies which she heard her sisters perform. If they played anything of Mozart or Schubert, she would call out from the adjoining room, in her South-German dialect, "Oh, dös ist aber schön, dös spiel' noch a mal!" (Oh, that is beautiful, please play it again!)

The father, who was supremely happy in the talent of this child, left its education entirely in the hands of her sisters, until she was seven years old. Then he entrusted his favourite to the skilful hands of Siegmund Lebert—afterwards professor at the Conservatoire of Stuttgart. She remained, however, only a short time under the guidance of this excellent musician. Joseph Menter fell seriously ill, and this necessitated his removal to a more southerly clime, to which he was accompanied by his whole family. After their return the choice of a teacher was much discussed, as the aversion of the father against music schools did not allow of the child being sent to one of these. The daily increasing sufferings of the poor invalid prevented a final decision, and Sophie remained without teacher until after her father's death.

Her education in the other branches of learning was also very unsystematically pursued. She was put through a course of elementary education by her elder sisters, she was then sent to school and had afterwards a visiting tutor. The first educational years of the talented child were therefore wanting in a system of regularity. It was very fortunate that she herself possessed a great inclination for study. Her father, observing her indefatigable industry at the piano, said to his wife during his illness: "You will take care of Soferl; the child has something in her." And when, in April 1856, he closed his eyes for ever, Sophie, not yet ten years old, promised her mother "to be very industrious, for she wanted to become a great pianist."



She became now, after all, a pupil of the Munich School of Music. Her teachers were at first Professor Leonhard and afterwards Rheinberger, who had a great opinion of her talent, but he soon changed the study of the piano for that of composition, which was a matter of great regret to his pupil, who had to look for a substitute, which she found in the person of Jules Kolb. This course of study, however, did not last long. Following Franz Lachner's advice, she went to Friedrich Niess, under whose careful guidance her talent soon made great progress. She recovered with great rapidity whatever she had lost by the former irregular system of education. She won her first brilliant artistic success, when only fifteen years old, before an audience of her native town, in a concert under Lachner's conductorship. She played Weber's Concertstück, which called forth rapturous applause. In the same year she gave a concert of her own, in the great hall of the Odeon in Munich, with the kind assistance of Lachner as conductor. In this concert she played all her solos by heart; her memory has ever been unflinching. The encouraging reception of the young débutante, who had the further advantage of a prepossessing exterior, was only the prelude to other still greater successes.

On her first artist tour she visited Stuttgart and Switzerland, accompanied by her energetic and careful mother; afterwards she went to Frankfurt. On the 10th of January 1867 she won a great success in the classical concert-room at Leipzig by her performance of Liszt's second "Legend of St. Francis." From her earliest childhood Liszt had been her great musical ideal, the king and autocrat of the piano. When yet a child she had ventured to pay him a visit, when he was staying for a few days in her native town.

For a time she remained only superficially acquainted with him, she was to become more intimate by-and-by. In the meanwhile she had at least indirectly learnt from him, through his great pupil Von Bülow, to whose example and precepts she owed much. But now she boldly inscribed Liszt's name on her colours, unconcerned that here and there something else would have proved more acceptable or more successful. With her firm artistic character, and possessed of decided principles, she chose from the beginning an independent course; the consideration of effect and pecuniary advantage had no weight with her: she played whatever she considered interesting or sympathetic to her nature. Thus, for instance, she placed on the programme of the Pauliner concert, which took place a few weeks after her first appearance in the Leipzig Gewandhaus, the concerto in F sharp minor by Norbert Burgmüller, the composer so warmly praised by Schumann, and who died at an early age. This concerto had never before been heard in Leipzig, and she deserved the special thanks of all musicians for this particular choice.

In Leipzig she was acknowledged to be a pianist of the most exceptional ability, and this opinion was confirmed in Berlin. She made her appearance in that town a few months later, in April, and her "technique, which enabled her to cope with the greatest difficulties, the clearness, power and beauty of her performance, her healthy, natural, and intellectual conception," received unanimous praise. Her stay in Berlin proved of great importance, as it gave her an opportunity of making Carl Tausig's acquaintance. She was completely overpowered by the phenomenal performances of this, in his way, unapproached, pianistic genius, then in the climax of his power. Governed by the eager desire to emulate him, and perhaps to become his equal, she became, although herself already an accomplished pianist, the pupil of this man, whom she admired and respected above everybody. She did not entirely give up playing in public, but her appearances were very rare, and she gave two years of artistic success for two years of hard and most arduous study—ten or twelve hours at the piano being her usual daily task. This severe application, combined with the great artistic influ-

ence of Tausig's master genius, bore ample fruit; she awoke to a new life, and became, under his guidance, animated with a true conception of her art; now Sophie Menter became herself. Tausig was not only proud of his beautiful pupil, the greatest and best he ever possessed; he also hoped, so it is said, to enter into closer relation than that of teacher only, and to make for himself with her a happier home, as his married life had brought him but little happiness. If this really had been his wish, it has never been realised, but was buried with him in his early grave. Sophie Menter added the secret of his art to that of her own individuality, and her mastery is the best legacy he has left behind.

Whilst yet studying under Tausig, Sophie Menter was made court pianist to the Prince of Hohenzollern, under whom her grandfather had once held an appointment, as also her father before his departure to Munich; this prince had also formerly taken great interest in the singing of her mother. She passed the winter 1868-69 at his country seat, Löwenberg, in Silesia, where the prince, an excellent connoisseur, cultivated his favourite art. He possessed a private band of great merit, and engaged the best artists for the concerts, which took place every Sunday. Here she made the acquaintance of the violoncellist David Popper, a most excellent performer on his instrument, and she gave him her hand on the 4th of June, 1872, in Vienna, where he held the position as solo violoncellist at the Court Opera House. This union proved not a happy one; seven years later their ways parted, seemingly for ever.

Sophie remained in Vienna until the year 1877. She was the favourite of the public ever after her first appearance in February 1866. In May 1874 the Emperor of Austria made her court pianist, an honour shared only by Clara Schumann. She travelled much or little according to the state of her health. She visited at first only Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Holland, the Russian provinces, Hungary, Roumania, and Galicia. She was received with great honours wherever she appeared. The representatives of the most distinct musical creeds, the leaders of the conservative as well as of the liberal party, were unanimous in their praise. The strictly conservative Gumprecht and his antipode Richard Pohl, the Liszt-Wagner herald, praise her touch, commanding every dynamic shade, "the power and finish of her playing, which might well call forth the envy of all her male colleagues, the warm feeling and intelligent conception enabling her to adapt herself to the individuality of every composer." Pohl says: "The style of her interpretation of Beethoven is not less correct than that of Chopin or Liszt; if she plays in her concerts by preference Liszt's compositions, she has the perfect right to do so, as in their performance she remains unequalled by any other lady pianist."

Until this time she had only come indirectly in contact with the wonderful musical genius of Liszt through his school and his great pupils Bülow and Tausig, but now the long looked for opportunity of direct communication with this master *par excellence* offered itself, in Vienna, and yet more in Pesth, where she frequently stayed. She now drank direct from the source from which flowed all higher knowledge of the modern art of piano-playing. She studied incessantly, never happy or contented unless restlessly at work. Her genuine musical nature could not help but win the warm sympathies of the man, who, with the liberality of a true genius and disciple of art, put his almost unlimited artistic abilities at the service of others, that they might share his wealth and become great through his greatness. He perceived, perhaps, in Sophie Menter a reflection of that demoniac fire which burst from the keys under his wonderful hands, irresistibly banishing all hearers into the magic circle of his feelings. He showed his great esteem for her openly by playing with her in public, and, as she had once sat in Berlin at Tausig's side and in London at Rubinstein's, she took her place in

Pesth side by side with Liszt, earning great honours.

In 1877 she removed altogether to the Hungarian capital. Having had enough of household cares, she took up her quarters in the hotel where she still resides when not travelling. She avoided for years taking any long journeys, being by nature inclined to a quiet life, as has been said before, and this inclination has been strengthened by many troubles and cares. At the East only she made repeated excursions, and was crowned in Warsaw and St. Petersburg as the first living lady pianist. Especially in the music-loving town of the Czars she received fanatic homage. After her performance (in April 1880) of the transcription of Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture by Liszt, the enthusiasm knew no bounds. Crowds collected in the streets to bring her enthusiastic ovations as she sat in her carriage, and the police became earnestly alarmed by this unusual noisy demonstration, fearing it to be a Nihilistic affair.

Liszt's energetic persuasion at last caused Sophie Menter to visit also the north, south, and west of Europe. She repeatedly declined tempting offers to gather a golden harvest in America. She played in Florence, for the first time, in the beginning of the year 1881; then in Rome, in the presence of her master; afterwards in Naples. She then went to Paris and London, after a most successful Italian tour. Here she was the lion of the season; her classical and modern piano recitals in the Concerts Populaires, as well as in St. James's Hall, called forth tremendous enthusiasm.

In the next season, during the winter 1881-2, she visited other countries. Spain and Portugal, Denmark and Scandinavia had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of this extraordinary artist. On the day of her appearance in Copenhagen special trains were needed to convey the crowds of people who were anxious to hear her. In Christiania and in Stockholm the newspapers reported that, after Rubinstein, no other artist had obtained such an immense success. The Kings of Denmark and Sweden bestowed upon her with their own hands the Medal of Merit and the Gold Cross for Art and Science. In Moscow, St. Petersburg, Paris, and London her former triumphs were repeated. How could it be otherwise? Ambros, the great connoisseur, thus characterizes Liszt's favourite: "Sophie Menter is a living grace, she possesses a warm heart and is cheerful, droll, of charming gracefulness and irresistible amiability, a finished performer, and a great, real musician;" and Rubinstein calls her "the autocrat of all hearts and pianos." We need add nothing more to the testimony of such men.

LORD MUTANHEAD: "I'm afraid, Prodgers, the match wouldn't be suitable. Your daughter is musical, and I hate music." Mr. Prodgers: "Oh! that doesn't matter, my lord. When a girl sings and plays so badly as my daughter, you can't say she is musical."

"DEGENERATED into a place of public amusement!" This is what a Spitalfields jury say of the hall where the disastrous panic occurred. Is there so much amusement in Spitalfields that this should be a matter of regret? We suppose the jury will not subscribe to the New Palace of Delight in Whitechapel.

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Crystal Palace was held under anything but cheerful circumstances. But Major Dickson has a stout heart. The Company will still maintain the struggle against public apathy, and this year they will have a better chance. There is no monster show at South Kensington, and the Palace should reap a harvest from the Jubilee celebrations, which are to be on a grand scale. But we are afraid the relief will be only temporary. The Palace should be acquired by the nation. In any country but England this would have been done long ago.



## The Story of Pergolesi.

(AN ITALIAN SKETCH.)

ONE night, on his return home from a grand ball given at the palazzo of Caraffa, Duca di Maddoloni, Pergolesi sank down on the stool before his spinet, extending his arms and leaning his glowing cheek upon its cool ivory keys, while he pressed burning kisses upon this, his faithful instrument and ancient companion. Then, suddenly rising, he passed his fingers rapidly along its notes, and while they vibrated beneath his light touch, as though roused by the sound of a friendly voice, a flood of melody seemed to inundate his brain, overwhelming it and bearing his spirit away upon its tumultuous waves into the limitless spaces of inspiration, whereupon with trembling fingers he swiftly commenced writing the first notes of "Livieta e Tracollo." Every now and then he would pause to draw a deep breath, and with a fixed gaze, as though recognizing some tangible form before him, he would softly murmur: "Maria! Maria!" Then his ardent fancy would rouse him anew to fresh inspiration, and he would abandon himself entirely to its sway, reiterating: "'Tis but for thee, Maria, for thee alone, all for thee!"

The Maria to whom Pergolesi thus fondly alluded, was a noble damsel of the patrician house of Spinelli, which is tantamount to asserting that the youth was demented; for the Spinellis belonged to one of the most eminent families of Naples, and one which would never have suffered itself to be allied by matrimonial ties to a mere petty scribbler of music, even though he bore the already famous name of Pergolesi. The youth, therefore, entertained for Maria the most ideal and heroic of sentiments, that of a hopeless love; and chancing to encounter her occasionally either at the palazzo of Prince Stigliano, of Prince Caracciolo, or that of the Duca di Maddoloni, he had ever endeavoured to conceal his secret from all around; but he had done this so unskillfully that Maria herself was the first to discover it, and that same evening, during the ball at the palazzo Caraffa, the maiden, responding to some timid words uttered half involuntarily by Pergolesi, allowed him to perceive she was aware of his love for her, averring she entirely reciprocated his affection and would never bestow her hand on any other but himself.

Therefore, Pergolesi, returning home, inebriated with happiness, had embraced his old spinet, and felt himself inspired with fresh creative powers.

On the following day, according to an appointment made with her the preceding evening, Pergolesi hastened to the church of Santa Chiara, whither Maria Spinelli was wont to repair each morning, accompanied by her waiting-maid; but alas! the fane was deserted! The damsel's absence at this, their first rendezvous, alarmed not a little the ardent youth, who apprehended that unforeseen difficulties were already presenting themselves to oppose their love, and he hurried thither again on the subsequent morn, his heart beat by sinister forebodings; and once more on the third day, but the beauteous Maria appeared no more to glad his sight.

Then Pergolesi, yielding to a sentiment of profound melancholy, secluded himself entirely in his chamber, desirous but to die. A week had almost elapsed, and he had already relinquished all hopes of ever again beholding the lady of his thoughts, when suddenly, one day, three cavaliers of the house of Spinelli appearing before him, announced that his secret understanding with Maria had been revealed to them, and that the maiden was warned she must either choose a spouse worthy of her hand, among the ranks of the Neapolitan nobility,

or resign herself to behold Pergolesi slain in her presence, and his mangled corpse exposed to view beneath her balcony. The three cavaliers moreover informed him that Maria, in her dilemma, had responded she could never forget Pergolesi; but as she was constrained to relinquish all prospects of a union with him, she would retire to the convent of Santa Chiara. The maiden, however, earnestly implored them to fulfil her last desire, which was that the music performed at the Mass, on the occasion of her taking the veil, should be conducted by Pergolesi himself, whom she had so dearly loved, and for whose sake, alone, she had determined on entering a nunnery.

Pergolesi, with a heart benumbed by grief, unhesitatingly consented to this proposition; but, not having had time to compose music written expressly for the occasion, he directed the execution of a Mass written on commission for the city of Naples in A.D. 1730, subsequent to the great earthquake by which it was at that epoch devastated. The music of this Mass, a faultless performance, inasmuch as regarded the mere instrumental execution thereof, proved, notwithstanding, a ponderous and spiritless composition; and Pergolesi, who at this juncture appeared completely paralysed by grief, conducted it impassably as though the mournful ceremony, celebrated in his presence, was one which possessed no personal interest for him. Therefore, while the pale young novice eagerly expected to hear some pathetic melody, some tender passage, or even single plaintive note, which would seem to convey to her his last farewell, the Mass concluded as any ordinary one would have done, without the introduction of an intercalary passage which might appear to express the unalterable sentiments of her lover's soul.

The subsequent year, when Pergolesi had hardly returned from Rome, he received a second visit from the three cavaliers Spinelli, who sought him in order to acquaint him with the last desire of their sister Maria, for the hapless maiden had expired the preceding night. And, even as her first wish had been that Pergolesi should conduct the Mass on the occasion of her taking the veil, so her last desire was that he should direct the music of that celebrated for the repose of her soul. To this, her last earthly desire, Pergolesi also assented.

The spacious church of Santa Chiara was filled with an expectant crowd; the pathetic story of Maria, who it was well known had died in the convent of a broken heart, the fame of the *maestro* who was to conduct her funeral Mass, and the rumour that Pergolesi had on the preceding night purposely composed a new Requiem for the occasion, caused half Naples to assemble there. At the conclusion of the Mass, a *chef-d'œuvre* of Leo, the Requiem of Pergolesi commenced to sound forth through the vast fane, amid the most profound silence. It began with a gay, lively melody, as though that of dance-music, and the auditors exchanged glances of amazement at the strange fancy of the *maestro*, who had thus introduced a merry waltz into the music of a funeral Mass. But, suddenly, four bass voices broke in rudely: "*Requiem æternam! Requiem æternam!*" and the lively melody, thus abruptly arrested, became serious and solemn in measure.

Even thus the love of Pergolesi and Maria Spinelli sprang into existence amid sweet flowers and gay festivals, and was suddenly checked in its course by the impregnable walls of a convent, and finally, Death's ruthless hand.

Meantime, the music increasing in vigour and accelerating its measure, sonorous waves of harmony impetuously succeeded each other, and gradually appeared to swell into an overwhelming flood, a very tempest and hurricane of sound and fury.

Pergolesi, who had hitherto seemed impassable as at the ceremony of the novitiate, at this juncture, during a passage which appeared to wail

forth the name of Maria, lost all control over himself, and, as though seized by a sudden frenzy, writhed like one possessed; the bâton he held snapped in twain, while he continued to hasten the measure of the music which sounded all too slow to him, till the Requiem became a very jig, a "Dance Macabre," the dance of death!

At its conclusion, when the last notes thereof had died away through the echoing fane, and the orchestra had breathlessly paused, while the auditors, transported by enthusiasm, forgetting they were in a sacred edifice, began to express their approbation by a unanimous shout, the *maestro*, with a pallid brow, bathed by the sweat of agony, and eyes blinded by burning tears, hurried home, to consign to the flames the sublime Requiem which he had only composed for his Maria alone, and the expression of his grief, not for the funerals and woes of others.

Only one short year afterwards, beneath the blue sky of Pozzuoli, Pergolesi expired at the age of twenty-six, in a convent of Franciscan monks, repaying the hospitality accorded to him by the confraternity with the gift of his immortal "Stabat Mater."—CHARLOTTE DEAN SWIFT.

## Literature.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein, Lowrey & Co.,  
Paternoster Square.

THE FOLK-SONGS OF ITALY: Specimens, with Translations and Notes from each Province, and Prefatory Treatise. By Miss R. H. BUSK.

A very charming little book. The majority of the verses Miss Busk has included in this volume have all the air of being genuine Folk-songs, marked by that indescribable quaintness that somehow or other the manufactured article never exhibits in the like degree. The authoress acknowledges the great assistance rendered her in her study of the songs of Sicily by Dr. Giuseppe Pitre, of Palermo, known as a learned Sicilian Folklorist. These, though not the most numerous, are placed first in the volume, and Miss Busk expresses her belief that the great mass of Italian Folk-song have at some time or other passed from Sicily to the continent. Of the various kinds of these, Stornelli, Rispetti, Dispetti, Strambotti and the rest, we cannot say more than to refer the reader to this very interesting little volume for further information. Nevertheless, we cannot refrain from giving two very quaint and pretty samples, fairly illustrative of the quality of the translations, which are faithful, though often, as will be seen from the following, inclined to be rough.

### TWO TUSCAN RISPETTI.

#### I.

Sete piu chiara dell' acqua di forte  
Sete piu dolce della malvaga;  
Il sole s' alza e vi si specchia in fronte  
Sete piu bella di Rachele e di Lia.  
Quando vi vide quella stella in fronte  
Voglio piu bene a voi che a mamma mia.

#### (Translation.)

More transparent thou art than the mountain rill,  
Than Malmsey wine more sweet thou art:  
Thou mirrorst the sun rising over the hill,  
Than Rachel and Leah more fair thou art.  
When I see that star gazing down on thee,  
I forget my mother for love of thee!

#### II.

E benedici chi feci lo mondo,  
Lo seppa tanto bene accomodare;  
Fecce lo mar che non aveva fondo,  
Fecce la nave per poter passare;  
Fecce la barca e fece il barcaiolo  
Fecce la donna che consuma l' uomo.

#### (Translation.)

The maker of the world I bless  
Who all disposed so cleverly:  
Who made the ocean bottomless,  
Who made the ships to cross to thee.  
Who made the boats and those who mann boats:  
Who made the maids on whom each man dotes!



## Melody in Speech.

—:o:—

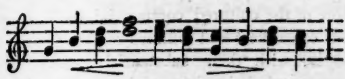
**F.** WEBER, the Resident Organist of the German Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, contributes an article under the above title in the February number of *Longman's Magazine*, from which we take the liberty of giving a few extracts.

"There is an infinite variety of interesting and pleasing sounds in Nature's music around us, that may be noted by an attentive ear; these sounds are mostly melodious and harmonious, or in some harmonious connection, and form exact intervals and chords.

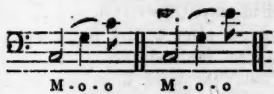
"The wind in passing over houses, over trees, in gardens, fields, and forests, produces beautiful sounds of every variety, swelling from the softest to the loudest in majestic grandeur. On a stormy morning in town I heard the wind sing this melody over the roof of the house:



and on a similar night at Boulogne I copied the following passage that was wailing through the house in beautiful *crescendo* and *decrescendo*, and in many repetitions:



"All the animals on land, quadrupeds and bipeds, have their characteristic voices and calls in distinct intervals. Of our domestic animals the cow gives a perfect fifth and octave or tenth.



The dog barks in a fifth or fourth:



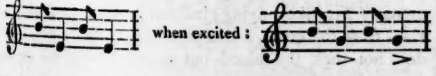
The donkey in coarse voice brays in a perfect octave:



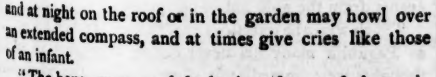
The horse neighs in a descent on the chromatic scale:



The cat in a meek mood cries:

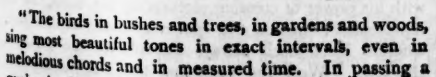


when excited:

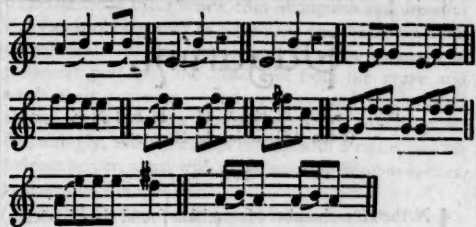
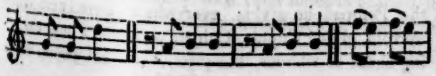


and at night on the roof or in the garden may howl over an extended compass, and at times give cries like those of an infant.

"The hens, geese, and ducks in a farmyard chatter in pleasing chorus, and proud chanticleer crows piercing solos between, in the diminished triad and seventh chord:



"The birds in bushes and trees, in gardens and woods, sing most beautiful tones in exact intervals, even in melodious chords and in measured time. In passing a garden in the south-west of London on a summer's afternoon, I noted the following tones of different birds in a few minutes:



"Some animals are very fond of music and greatly affected by it, while others are insensible or quite averse to it; of the former the horse has already in remote antiquity been mentioned for its joy at the sound of the trumpet.

"A touching proof of this old truth was given in the late Franco-German war, when, in the evening after the battle of Gravelotte, on the trumpet signal for the roll-call of the Life Guards more than three hundred riderless horses, some of them wounded, and hobbling on three legs, answered the well-known sounds and mustered with the remnant of their regiment.

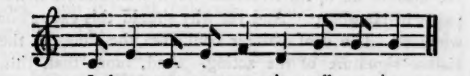
"The intervals we observe most in the voices of animals are fifths, octaves, and thirds, and also fourths and sixths.

"The human voice in speaking uses also these intervals foremost, but it moves also over most of the other intervals in melodious and harmonious combinations. We speak in melodies and harmonies, improvising them by the impulse of our thoughts and feelings over an extent or compass of one and a half to two octaves; as every plant grows with a certain colour, so every sentence is spoken in some melody which rises in sympathy with the sense and sentiment of the words, giving character to the whole sentence; and from the quality and accent of this musical investment, the truth and sincerity of the words may be felt, and the character of the speaker be traced. Sentences are spoken in a certain musical key, and are mostly begun on the fifth or dominant of the scale of the key-note, from which they descend in seconds or thirds or other intervals to the key-note, and, maybe, down to the lower dominant:



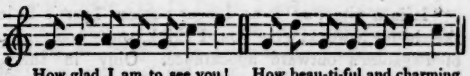
How are you to-day? Will you come and dine with me to-day

Or they begin on the key-note and move to the dominant:



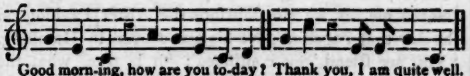
I hope you are now quite well a-gain.

Or they ascend from the dominant to the octave, and to the ninth and tenth:



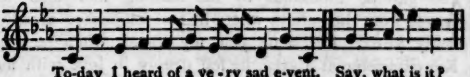
How glad I am to see you! How beau-ti-ful and charming

Common conversation is generally held in the major mode, and in the same key:



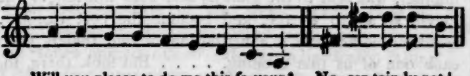
Good morn-ing, how are you to-day? Thank you, I am quite well.

But when sad and pathetic it is in minor:



To-day I heard of a ve-ry sad e-vent. Say, what is it?

An unfriendly reply is mostly in an unrelated key:



Will you please to do me this fa-vour? No, cer-tain-ly not!

"Every person has his own fundamental and favourite key in which he generally speaks, but which he often transposes higher or lower in sympathy to other voices, and when he is excited. In Divine Service at church I have heard the minister begin in his natural key, and the choir sing the response in a higher key; when the minister, possessing a musical ear, gradually rose to the tone of the choir. In one instance the minister began the Communion Service in E flat, and the choir and organ gave the response in F. The minister gradually

raised his voice, and by the Fourth Commandment met the tone of the choir, wherein he continued to the end.

"In a recent journey from Calais to Boulogne, Amiens, and Reims, I found most people there speak in the key of B flat major and minor. The large bells at the belfry at Boulogne and at the cathedral at Reims also have the low B flat, and may have been cast in that tone to be in unison with the voice of the people. Some of the conversations along the route, and the calling out of the names of railway stations, were as follows:—

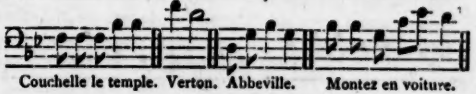
Two women on Boulogne Pier.



At the fish market at Boulogne.

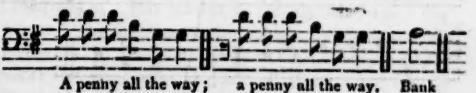


At Calais



"The French railway guards and conductors deserve to be complimented for their melodious calls of the names of the stations.

"The omnibus conductors in London ordinarily call out in the key of B flat; but at busy places and hours they speak in a higher key. At Charing Cross I heard them call:

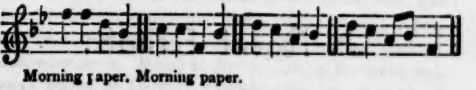


A penny all the way; a penny all the way. Bank



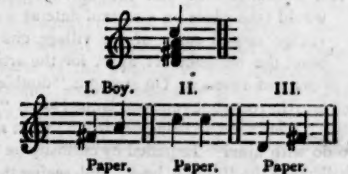
Holloway, Highbury, Hornsey Rise.

The paper boys call:



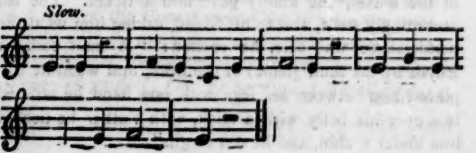
Morning paper. Morning paper.

"The calls of three paper boys I heard on one day at Charing Cross formed the dominant seventh chord:



I. Boy. II. III.  
Paper. Paper. Paper.

Some of the cries of vendors in the streets are quite beautiful and touching, like the following I heard and noted down of a boy in Long Acre:





"Friendly conversations keep mostly to the key of the principal person of the circle, who at the time gives, not only the moral and social tone, but also the musical tone to all around him, and if any one of the company would speak in a different tone, he would be out of tune and out of countenance with the others. When we read by ourselves we speak in C, or in B flat, or lower still; but when we read to others, we raise our voice to the fourth or fifth of our own key, that is, to G, or F, or E flat.

"Spirited and impressive sermons, mostly in a major key, modulate in elevating ideas to the dominant, in soothing sentiments to the subdominant and the relative minor keys, but return and end in the principal key like a musical composition.

"The following melodies I have copied from a speech by an Oxford Professor, and from a sermon by an English bishop.

From an English speech (by an Oxford Professor):



From (the sermon of an English bishop) an English sermon.



From these examples it will be seen how curious and interesting is Mr. Weber's paper.

## A Novel Elijah.

THE announcement that the oratorio "Elijah" would take place on a certain date at a country village caused some of the village children to beset the entrance set apart for the artistes on the day of the performance. On seeing a "double bass" conveyed into the room one youth exclaimed to his "mate," "See, Bill! there's Elijah being carried in; what are they going to do with him?" Impelled by curiosity he follows at a safe distance the "double bass," and, seeing the green baize covering removed, shouted to his friend, "Oh lor! they're taking off his shirt." At this moment the conductor entered, and, thinking the boy was an admirer of the "art of the muses," he kindly gave him a ticket. The lad accordingly went, and to his friend, asking him what the performance was like, he replied: "A man collared Elijah by the scuff (nape) of the neck, and when he had placed him between his legs with one hand he scraped him over his belly with a stick, with t'other he tickled him under t' chin, and he did laugh."

## Paganini.

By HEINRICH HEINE  
(From "Florentinische Nächte").

IN the ante-chamber Maximilian found the physician, who was engaged in putting on his black gloves. "I am in a hurry," said the doctor quickly, as he saw Maximilian. "Signora Maria has not had a moment's sleep all day till now. I need hardly tell you not to wake her by any noise, and when she does awake she must not stir at all, but rest quietly, without moving or talking in the least. But you must keep her mind active, and I would advise you to tell her some of your stories or reminiscences, so that she would be compelled to be quiet and do nothing but listen."

Maximilian obeyed, and spoke of his childhood, and of music, and the Italian Opera, and of Rossini and Bellini. At length he mentioned Paganini.

"Do you like Paganini?" inquired Maria, heedless of the doctor's orders.

"Paganini," answered Maximilian, "is one of the ornaments of his native land, and certainly deserves the most laudatory mention when we speak of the musical notabilities of Italy."

"I have never seen him," remarked Maria, "but his outward appearance, according to all account, would hardly satisfy our taste for the beautiful. I have seen portraits of him—"

"None of which resemble him," broke in Maximilian; "they make him either uglier or handsomer than he really was, and never give his true character. I believe only one man has succeeded in representing on paper Paganini's real physiognomy—a deaf painter named Lyser, who, in the frenzy of genius, with a few strokes of his crayon, so well depicted Paganini's head, that the truthfulness of the sketch makes you laugh and startles you at the same time. 'The Devil guided my hand,' the deaf painter told me, chuckling with an air of secrecy, and nodding his head in a good-natured ironical way, as was his wont when he jested. This painter was always an odd fellow; in spite of his deafness, he had a passionate love for music, and it is even said that, if he sat near enough to the orchestra, he could read the music on the faces of the performers, and could judge how far their execution was successful by the movement of their fingers. He also wrote opera-criticisms for a well-known newspaper in Hamburg. And yet why should this excite our wonder? The deaf painter could see the tones in the visible signature of the acting. And, more than this, there is always a class of men to whom the very tones themselves are but invisible signatures, wherein they can hear colours and forms!"

"And you are one of those men!" cried Maria.

"It is a pity that I no longer possess Lyser's little sketch, for it would give you, I think, some conception of Paganini's outward appearance. Only in sharp, black, quick strokes could one copy those strange features, which seemed to belong rather to the sulphureous realm of shades than to our own sunny world. 'Indeed, the Devil guided my hand,' the deaf painter assured me, as we stood before the Alster Pavilion on the day that Paganini gave his first concert in Hamburg. 'Yes, my friend,' he continued; 'it is true, what the world maintains, that he sold himself to the Devil, body and soul, on condition of becoming the best violinist, and gaining thousands by his fiddling, and also to escape from the galleys where he had languished already many years. For, look you, my friend, when he was Kapellmeister at Lucca, he fell deeply in love with an actress, and, becoming jealous of some little abbé or other, stabbed his faithless amata in the correct Italian manner, was sent to the galleys, and sold himself to the Devil, so as to escape, and become the best violinist, and be able to levy a contribution of two thalers from each one of us this evening. . . . But look there, for Heaven's sake, look! There he is himself, with that suspicious familiar spirit of his!'"

"In truth it was Paganini himself, whom I then saw face to face. He wore a dark grey overcoat, which reached to his feet and made him seem very tall. His long black hair fell in disordered locks on his shoulders, and formed, as it were, a gloomy frame for his pale, corpse-like face, on which Sorrow, Genius, and Hell had inscribed their indestructible signs. Near him trotted a neat pleasant figure, ornamentally prosaic—a rosy wrinkled face, light grey coat with steel buttons—throwing

greetings with an irresistibly friendly air on all sides, glancing sideways, however, from time to time, full of anxious timidity, at the gloomy figure which wandered sadly and thoughtfully at his side. You imagined you saw the picture of Retzsch, in which Faust and Wagner are represented as walking before the gates of Leipzig. The deaf painter commented on the two figures after his mad fashion, and drew my attention to the broad measured gait of Paganini. 'Is it not,' said he, 'as if he still carried his wooden convict's shackle between his legs? He has got accustomed to this gait. Just look how often he looks with contemptuous irony on his attendant, when the latter wears him with his prosaic questions; but he cannot get rid of him—a contract signed with blood binds him to his servant, who is indeed no other than Satan himself. Ignorant people indeed suppose this attendant is Herr Georg Harrys of Hanover, the writer of comedies and anecdotes, whom Paganini takes with him on his travels as business-manager. People don't know that the Devil has merely borrowed Herr Georg Harry's form, and that his unfortunate soul is locked up with other rubbish in a chest in Hanover, till the Devil again gives him back his envelope of flesh, perhaps to attend his master Paganini in a more appropriate form, namely as a black poodle.'

"Although Paganini, when I saw him wandering in broad daylight under the green trees of the Hamburg Jungfernstieg, had already seemed to me sufficiently strange and fabulous, yet his awful, grotesque appearance that evening in the concert room completely surprised me. The scene of the concert was the Hamburg Comedy Theatre, and the art-loving public had flocked thither so early and in such numbers, that I with the greatest difficulty obtained a place in the orchestra. Although it was post-day, I saw in the front-row stalls the whole of the cultured commercial world, a complete Olympus of bankers and millionaires, the Gods of Coffee and Sugar, with their substantial spouses, Junos of Wandrahm and Aphrodites of Dreckwall. A religious stillness reigned throughout the audience. Each eye was turned towards the stage. Each ear was strained to the utmost. My neighbour took his dirty cotton wool out of his ears, the better to drink in the rich notes for which he had paid two thalers. At length there appeared on the stage a dark figure, which seemed to have sprung from the underworld. It was Paganini in his black Galla: the black dress coat and black waistcoat of a horrible cut, such as was probably prescribed by the infernal etiquette at the court of Proserpina; his black trousers depressedly hung loose round his thin legs. His long arms seemed still longer when he held suspended, in the one hand his violin, in the other his bow, and almost touched the ground with them, as he displayed to the public his unprecedented bows and greetings. In the angular curves of his body there lay a dreadful woodenness, together with something comically animal-like, which made us inclined to laugh at these bowings and scrapings, but his face, which seem stilled whiter from the harsh orchestra-lights, had in it something so appealing, something so timid and humble, that a kind of shuddering compassion quelled all desire of laughter. Had he learnt these gestures from an automaton or a dog who had been taught to beg? Is this piteous glance that of one sick unto death, or does there lurk behind it the ridicule of a cunning miser? Is that a living man, who has been seized on the point of death, and is now compelled to delight the spectators in the arena of Art, like a dying gladiator? Or is it a dead man, risen from the grave, a vampire with a violin, who, if he does not suck the blood out of our hearts, will at all events drain the gold out of our pockets?"

"Such were the questions that flashed through my head, as Paganini made his never-ending bows, but all such thoughts were immediately silenced when the wonderful master placed his violin beneath his chin and began to play. As far as I am concerned, you know my musical second sight, my gift of seeing the corresponding shape to each tone I hear, and so it resulted that Paganini, with each stroke of his bow, brought before my eyes visible forms and situations, that he told me all sorts of stories with his power of creating pictures by his tones, that he represented to me on the spot a coloured shadow-play, wherein he himself always figured as the principal character. With the very first touch of his bow the stage decoration had changed around him: at once he was standing by his music-desk in a pleasant room, which was ornamented in an extraordinarily lively manner in the Pompadour style; everywhere there were little mirrors, gilded Cupids, Chinese porcelain, a most charming chaos of ribbons, bouquets, white kid gloves, white



lace, imitation pearls, diadems of gilded tin and other tinsel treasures, such as you are wont to find in the study of a prima donna. Paganini's outward appearance had also changed, and had become most prepossessing; he wore knee-breeches of lilac satin, a white waistcoat embroidered with silver, a bright blue velvet coat with gold buttons; his hair, carefully curled in tiny ringlets, encircled his face, which bloomed with the roses of youth, and glowed with sweet tenderness when he cast glances at the pretty lady who stood near him at the music-stand while he was playing the violin.

"Indeed, I saw at his side a charming young creature, dressed in a bygone fashion, the white satin, puffed out below the waist, making the waist appear all the more temptingly small, her powdered hair piled up high, her pretty round face beaming out all the more freely, with its glittering eyes, its rouged cheeks, beauty spot, and impertinent sweet nose. In her hand she held a roll of white paper, and, from the movement of her mouth and coquettish quivering of her upper lip, she seemed to be singing, but I heard not one of her trills, and I could only guess, from the accompaniment which Paganini played while the sweet child sang, what it was she was singing, and what were the feelings of Paganini himself at that moment. Oh, it was like the melodies of a nightingale sings in the twilight, when the scent of the rose intoxicates her boding heart with yearning! Oh, what melting, voluptuous, languishing bliss! Tones, which kissed and then fled pouting, soon to return with laughter, to embrace once more and melt into one, and then die away in fainting unison. Yes, the tones flitted merrily, like butterflies, when one sportively avoided another, and hides itself behind a flower, till caught at length, when, with light-hearted happiness, it soars aloft with its companion into the golden sunlight. But a spider—a spider can suddenly prepare a tragical drama for such amorous butterflies. Had that young heart any forebodings of the kind? A mournful, sighing tone, like a foretaste of coming misfortune, glided lightly through the most enrapturing melodies which streamed from Paganini's playing. His eyes grew moist. Beseechingly he kneels before his amata. But, alas! as he bows low to kiss her feet, he describes a little abbé, hidden. I know not what grudge he might have against the poor man, but the Genoese became white as death; he seizes the little one with furious hands, and flings him out of doors, snatches a long stiletto from out of his pocket and plunges it into the breast of the young and fair singer.

"But at this moment there arose from all sides cries of 'Bravo! Bravo!' Hamburg's enraptured men and women bestowed the most ringing applause on the great artiste, who had just finished the first part of the programme, and was bowing and scraping with even more angles and curves than before. On his face, I thought, there moaned still more piteous humbleness than before. In his eyes there stared a terrible anguish, like that of a wretched sinner.

"Heavenly!" cried my neighbour, scratching his ear; "that piece alone was worth two thalers."

"When Paganini began to play afresh, it grew dimmer before my eyes. The tones no longer changed into clear forms and colours, rather the form of the master shrouded itself into gloomy shades, out of the darkness whereof his music pealed forth in the most poignant tones of grief. Only at times, when a little lamp which hung above him threw its mournful light on him, I noticed his wan countenance, on which youth was not yet wholly extinguished. Strange was his garb, divided between two colours, one of which was yellow and the other red. Heavy chains hung on his feet. Behind him there peered a goat-like face, whose physiognomy pointed to an infernal origin, and long hairy hands, which seemed to belong to that form. I saw at times touch with a helpful aid the strings of the violin on which Paganini played. Often, too, they guided the hand which held the bow, and then a bleating laugh of applause accompanied the tones, which streamed forth even in still greater pain and anguish—tones like the song of the fallen angels who had loved the daughters of men, and, thrust from the realm of the saints, had sunk down to the lower world with faces blushing for shame—tones, in whose fathomless depth gleamed neither hope nor trust. When the saints in heaven hear such tones the praise of God dies on their paling lips, and they veil in tears their pious heads! At times, when that obligato of goats' laughter bleated amidst those melodious tortures, I caught sight in the back ground of a crowd of tiny women, who nodded wantonly with their hideous heads and made unbecomingly gestures in their shamelessness. Then

from the violin there broke cries of anguish and dreadful sighs and sobbing such as none have ever heard on earth or will hear till that dread day when the trumpets of judgment peal and the dead rise from the grave and await their sentence. But the tortured violinist all at once drew his bow across the strings, so madly, so despairingly, that his chains fell off with a rattle, and his hideous helper, along with those mocking impious sprites, vanished on the spot.

"Just at this moment my neighbour remarked, 'What a great pity! he has broken a string. He has been playing pizzicato so much!'

"Had he indeed broken a string? I know not. I only noticed the change of tones, and how Paganini and his surroundings again seemed wholly changed at once. I could scarcely recognise him in his brown monkish garb, which disguised him rather than clothed him. His wild face half hidden by the cowl, a rope round his loins, barefooted, a lonely defiant figure, stood Paganini on a rocky cliff by the sea playing his violin. It was, I thought, the hour of twilight, the setting sun poured its beams over the wide sea-waves, which ever grew redder and redder, and evermore tossed in greater majesty, in secret unison with the tones of the violin. The redder the sea grew the paler were the heavens, and when, at last, the waves seemed like nought but crimson blood, the sky above was pale as a spirit and white like a corpse, and the stars stood out great and threatening. And these stars were black, black like glittering coal. But the tones of the violin grew still stormier and more violent; in the eyes of the dread violinist there sparkled such a working desire for destruction, and his thin lips quivered so quickly and terribly, that it seemed as if he were murmuring wicked incantations of long ago, with which they conjure the storm and release those evil spirits which lie imprisoned in the depths of the sea. Often, when he stretched out his long, thin, bare arm from his monk's robe, and swept the air with his bow, he seemed exactly like a wizard commanding the elements with his magic wand; and then madly howled the sea-depths, and the terrified waves of blood sprang so forcefully into the heights, that they almost besprinkled the pale heavens and the black stars with their red foam. It howled, and writhed, and tossed as if it would break the world into fragments, and the monk went on with still more determination. He wished to break with the power of his mad will the seven seals with which Solomon sealed the iron jars wherein he has imprisoned the conquered demons. The wise king had sunk those jars into the sea, and I believed I could even hear the voices of the confined spirits, as Paganini's violin thundered forth its angry bass tones. But at length I thought I could hear, as it were, the shout of joy for freedom regained, and out of the red waves of blood I saw upreared the heads of the demons, now free—monsters of fabulous hideousness, crocodiles with bats' wings, snakes with antlers, apes with heads adorned with funnel-shaped shells, sea-dogs with beards as long as a patriarch's, women's faces with breasts instead of cheeks, green camel's heads, hybrid creatures of unimaginable shape, all staring with cold, crafty eyes, and stretching out finny paws towards the fiddling monk. And the monk's cowl fell back, in his madly eager conjuration, and his locks, fluttering in the wind, surrounded his head like black snakes.

"This apparition was so dazing that I held my ears and closed my eyes from fear of going mad. Then the phantom disappeared, and, as I looked up again, I saw the poor Genoese in his usual form making his usual bows, while the public applauded rapturously.

"That's the celebrated piece for the G string," remarked my neighbour; "I play the violin myself, and know what it is to be master of this instrument like that." Luckily the pause was not great, or else my musical neighbour would assuredly have led me into a long conversation on music. Paganini once more placed his violin calmly beneath his chin, and with the first stroke of his bow there ensued still once again that strange transfiguration of the tones. Only they no longer took such clearly coloured and lively forms. These tones spread out so calmly, majestically, falling and rising like those of an organ chorale in a cathedral; and all around had retired back ever broader and higher to a colossal space, so that no bodily eye but only the eye of the spirit could comprehend it. In the midst of this space there hovered a glowing sphere, on which there stood a man who was playing the violin. Was this ball the sun? I know not. But in the features of the man I recognised Paganini, but ideally beautified, grown brighter as in Heaven, smiling as if atoned. His form bloomed in the strongest manliness, a bright blue robe

girt his noble limbs, round his shoulders his hair waved in glowing locks; and as he stood there, firm and sure, a lofty god-like form, and played the violin, it was as if the whole Creation listened to his tones. He was the Human-planet round which the Universe moved, making music with measured majesty and in holy rhythm. These great lights which, so calmly gleaming, hovered round him—were they the stars of Heaven? and that pealing harmony which rose from their motions—was it the song of the spheres of which poets and visionaries have given us such enrapturing accounts? At times, when I strainingly looked afar into the twilight depths, I thought I saw white waving robes worn by colossal pilgrims with white staves in their hands, and—strange to say!—the golden tips of those staves were those great lights which I had taken for stars. The pilgrims passed in a great circle round the violinist, at whose tones the golden tips of their staves grew brighter and brighter, and the chorales which pealed from their lips, and which I had taken for the Song of the Spheres, were really only the echo of those violin-tones. An unspeakably holy fervour dwelt in those sounds, which trembled at times till scarcely hearable, like secret whispers on the water, and then swelled out again so strangely sweet, like the sound of forest horns heard by moonlight, and then finally broke forth in unrestrained shouts of joy, as if a thousand bards were striking the strings of their harps and raising their voices to a song of victory. Sounds such as the ear never hears, and the heart alone can dream of, when it rests at night on the heart of the beloved one. Perhaps, too, the heart also understands them in the bright, clear daylight, when it broods with delight on the beautiful lines and curves of a masterpiece of Greek art—"

"Or when you have had a bottle of champagne too much," suddenly broke in a laughing voice, which awakened our narrator as out of a dream. As he turned round he saw the doctor, who had lightly come into the room to find how his prescription had worked on his patient. She was asleep, and Maximilian, who had not noticed it, so busied was he with his own fancies, needs must smile, though he bit his lips in vexation that such was the effect of so rich an imagination.

## Wagner Society.

M R. CHARLES DOWDESWELL, the joint hon. sec. of the Wagner Society, delivered the second of a course of lectures upon Richard Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelung," at the Surrey Conservatoire of Music, St. Luke's Road, Clapham, on February 1. The subject of the discourse was "Die Walküre," the first day of the trilogy, the drama being subjected to a detailed analysis from the dramatic, musical and philosophical point of view; some of the more obscure passages of the poem were elucidated, and the sources, Norse and German, whence some of the incidents were derived, were pointed out. An extract from the Sanskrit Mahabharata—the Iliad of India—was read as bearing relationship to the second scene of act II. Wagner's treatment of the character of Brünnhilde, was stated to be immeasurably more beautiful and significant than that of any earlier version of the Siegfried epoch, whether we turned to the two Eddas, Icelandic and Danish Sagas, or German legends; for the dilation of her mental lineaments gradually increased, until in the final scene of "Götterdämmerung" she would be seen to stand forth as dignified and expressive as the heroine of a Greek tragedy, and, in addition, bearing upon her shoulders the weight of the world's trust and desolation. In the course of the evening musical illustrations from "Die Walküre" were furnished by Miss Clara Leighton, and Messrs Tapley and Haefler.

THEOPHILE GAUTIER maintained with some reason that music was the dearest of all noises. At the first representation of "Otello" at Milan, one could be convinced of the truth of this axiom. The excitement was so great that the managers of the theatre were able to raise the price of a single stall to 200 francs, and certain boxes taken by auction fetched the fabulous sum of 3000 francs. Oh the power of music! Oh, the prestige of Verdi's great name!



## The Music of the Mountains.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A ZITHER VIRTUOSO.

ONE curious little sign of how small the world is growing in these days is the fact that the music of the Tyrolean mountains can now every day be heard re-echoing from the purple hills which rise up (unfortunately on canvas only) behind the quaint Japanese Village, at Kensington. The selections on the zither, which form part of the programme of the daily concerts, are the most attractive feature of these entertainments, the more so as the performances are given by the masterly player Herr Gruber, whose name is well known in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Italy as the master player *par excellence* on the instrument, which is far too little known to be fully appreciated in this country. A representative of the *Pull Mall Gazette* obtained the following information from Herr Gruber after one of his performances.

"What induced you to come to England, Herr Gruber, seeing that your instrument is so little known and appreciated in this country?" "I have come to, and I hope to stay in, England, because my past experience with the English parts of my audiences has shown me that the English can and will appreciate the zither, if once they become really acquainted with the music, and because my experience of English pupils, of which I have had not a few, has convinced me that the English are musical enough to learn to play the zither, and what they perhaps lack in a fine musical sense is made up for by their perseverance, which is quite unparalleled." "And does zither music repay the trouble of learning to play the instrument, and all the blistering of finger-tips which accompanies the first endeavours of the youthful student?" "Repay? Indeed it does; it more than repays, for you can put more expression into the zither than into the violin, and it is quite a mistake to suppose that only songs and dance music are suitable to it. I have set many a piece of classical music for the zither, and I have played them in public times without number, and they have always been enthusiastically received; indeed, there is not a musical instrument which equals the zither in that respect, and the best of it is that it takes not nearly as long to learn it as it takes to learn the piano or the violin. Any ordinary pupil is able to play little tunes in about six weeks; and as to the blistering of fingers to which you refer, that can be easily avoided, and it is chiefly the fault of the teacher if the pupil has to suffer in this way. A beginner should never practise more than half an hour a day before his fingers get used to the touch of the strings, which they do very soon."

"But is not the music of necessity rather poor from such a small instrument, and with no other tool to make up for the violin bow than the tiny thumb-ring?" "Not in the least. One zither gives out quite a volume of rich sound, and makes enough of the sweetest and pleasantest music to fill a large room or hall; but the effect is increased if you have two or more instruments, or if the zither accompanies the piano or the *Æolian* violin or another instrument. I have given zither concerts on forty or fifty zithers with great success, and anything more attractive in music it is hard to imagine. But to the human voice the zither is the best accompaniment. For such it was originally designed, and as such it is still held high by all the country folks in the Tyrolean Alps. They have their rough *Raffel* zither in every cottage; it has only two or three strings, and whenever they want some music it comes down from its nail behind the stove, and is played and sung to till the very hills resound with the music. Nobody teaches them; as the same instrument goes down from father to son, so the art of playing it seems to be hereditary, or if ever there is any teaching it is done gratuitously. One Bauer, in fact, teaches the other Bauer, and one and all get to know it in some way or other. I have sometimes introduced the original *Raffel* zither into my concerts, and it is very effective, particularly with those who have heard it played in its home." "And tell me, Herr Gruber, is the appreciation of zither music spreading on the Continent? or is it still confined to the Tyrol and Bavaria?" "I have

found appreciative and enthusiastic audiences wherever I have played, as you will see by the newspaper cuttings in my scrapbook, but in Germany it has recently been taken up more than in any other country, and I am sure that before long the zither will be played everywhere where there is any love for music." Herr Gruber's "scrapbook" is a weighty volume of red morocco, in which not only countless "cuttings" sing the praise of the Zitherist to his Highness the Duke of Nassau, the champion zither and *Æolian* violin-virtuoso, but in which the autographs of many a noble lord and lady are to be found, and where messages are kept from the rulers of the North and the South, from the master of the *Légation Impériale de Russie*, and from the *Secretario Particular de S. M. el Rey*, at Madrid. "What would you do, Herr Gruber," asked our representative on leaving, "if you were invited to give a real zither concert in London, seeing that you and madame can only play one zither each? Where would you take your orchestra from?" "I hope you will not think me conceited if I say that any professional zither-player in England would be glad to play under me. My name is too well known among zither-players, most of whom know and play my compositions, to make me afraid of any such difficulty. If I were to call them together, I fancy they would willingly come. For the present, however, we must be satisfied with our two instruments."

## Accidentals.

MR. CARL ARMBRUSTER announces, at the Royal Institution, a series of five lectures upon "Modern Classical Songs" from the works of Robert Franz and Brahms, to those of Rubinstein, Liszt and Wagner.

ON the evening of the 9th ult. Haydn's "Creation" was performed at the Albert Hall, with Miss Robertson, Messrs. Lloyd and Mills, as chief artists. There was a large audience, who cordially appreciated the pleasant and melodious work.

THE *Gaulois'* account of Verdi's "Otello," with its five-stringed violins and newly designed clarionets, which has been gravely accepted by several papers, is, of course, a hoax. It was, indeed, a good-humoured skit upon Verdi's employment of Egyptian trumpets in "Aida."

MME. PATTI has won enormous success in Mexico, where she has been entertained by the wife of the President. At her farewell performance the stage was literally strewn with flowers.

THE eminent baritone, Mr. Santley, has received from the Pope a *brevet* of the Order as Knight Commander of St. Gregory.

THE well-known cornet-player, Mr. Howard Reynolds, who has for the past three months been ill of rheumatic fever, has now recovered, and has resumed his professional duties.

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ will, after the present season, abandon his concerts at Liverpool. The reason for this step is, we believe, that they to a certain extent clash with the Liverpool Philharmonic Concerts, of which Mr. Hallé is the conductor.

THE production of Mr. Corder's opera, "Nordisa," at Liverpool, was very successful. Before the opera comes to London a few slight alterations will probably be made in the last act.

DR. J. F. BRIDGE, of Westminster Abbey, accompanied by Messrs. John Foster, Montem Smith and Hilton, and four choir boys, went to Osborne on the 4th ult., and performed before the Queen Dr. Bridge's Jubilee Anthem, which will form part of the State Service at the Abbey on the anniversary of Her Majesty's Accession. The Anthem is based on the text of the sermon preached at the coronation of George III.

THE death is announced of Federico Lablache, son of the great basso, and himself an opera singer, whose *début* at the King's Theatre (Her Majesty's) dates back to 1835. He was the husband of the English contralto, Fanny Wyndham.

THE death is also announced of Mrs. Horn, wife of the composer of "Cherry Ripe," "I Know a Bank," &c. She was a sister of Mrs. German Reed, but for more than half a century has lived in the United States.

THE Bath Philharmonic Society, which is conducted by Mr. Visetti, offer a gold medal for the best short "Jubilee Cantata," composed by a subject of the Queen.

FRAULEIN LINA RAMANN, who wrote the life of Abbe Liszt up to 1840, will complete the work during the present year. The first part was written under the eminent composer's personal direction; and the materials for the second volume, which will be published at Leipzig, are drawn from equally authentic sources.

THE Queen has given Signor Tosti a miniature upright piano in silver. When a spring is touched the piano flies open and discloses tobacco and cigarettes.

ON May 7, Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Golden Legend" will be performed, with Mme. Albani as chief soloist, and band and chorus of three thousand, on the Handel orchestra at the Crystal Palace.

HANDEL'S "Judas Maccabæus" was performed at Mr. Charles Hallé's concert in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on the 3rd ult.

TWO most successful concerts have been given at Valetta Palace, in aid of the Malta Home for Soldiers, and nearly £100 was realized. The Duke of Edinburgh played a couple of violin solos, and was much applauded.

THE popular young soprano, Miss Annie Marriott, is reported engaged to be married to a young tenor, Mr. Palmer.

PROF. RANISTER, of the Royal Academy and the Guildhall School of Music, has in the press a volume on Musical Analysis. It will contain the substance of some lectures delivered at the Royal Normal College, and will be copiously illustrated by examples taken from the works of the greatest masters.

THE Bach Choir will give the second concert of the present series on the 8th inst., the 29th being fixed for a concert of the London Musical Society; also at St. James's Hall, where, on the 30th, Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir will open a new series of performances; and, on April 25, a fresh series of nine Richter concerts will be inaugurated.

THE monument erected in the Hampstead Cemetery, Fortis Green Lane, Finchley Road, to the memory of the late Mr. Joseph Maas, was opened to public inspection at one o'clock on the 20th ult., when a large number of subscribers to the memorial fund and other friends of the deceased singer gathered round the grave. The covering over the monument had been removed before the opening of the gates, and there was no formal ceremony of unveiling. The monument is of fine Carrara marble. A large number of beautiful wreaths were placed on the grave by the assembled friends, one of which, from the daughter of the deceased, bore the inscription: "From little Ethel, in loving memory of her papa."

AT the Ballad Concert, on the 2nd ult., Mr. Sims Reeves, who had caught cold, was unable to appear; but ample amends were made by Misses Mary Davies and Rees, Mme. Sterling, Messrs. Lloyd, Santley and Maybrick. Miss Davies won applause for Signor Denza's setting of Tom Moore's "Song of the Nubian Girl," to which the composer, by the use of an Eastern cadence, has sought to give some sort of an Oriental colour. Mrs. Kees was encored for "Dream Stars," by Molloy, a song whose rhythm seems to bring us back to the days when a ballad was a ballad, or dance. Mr. Lloyd's charming singing of "The Star of Bethlehem" and Mr. Santley's revival of the old ditty, "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury" were among the successes of the evening.



THE ORIGIN OF VERDI'S "OTELLO."—The *Corriere del Mattino* writes:—Verdi was first induced to undertake the composition of "Otello" on the occasion of the performance of his "Messa da Requiem," at the Scala, for the benefit of the sufferers by the inundations at Ferrara. The next day he gave a dinner to the four principal solo singers, at which were present several friends, among them Signor Faccio and Signor Ricordi. The latter laid siege to the maestro, trying to persuade him to undertake a new work. For a long time Verdi resisted, and his wife declared that probably only a Shakespearian subject could induce him to take up his pen again. A few hours later, Faccio and Ricordi went to Boito, who at once agreed to make the third in the generous conspiracy, and two days after sent to Verdi a complete sketch of the plan for the opera, following strictly the Shakespearian tragedy. Verdi approved of the sketch, and from that moment it fell to the part of Giulia Ricordi to urge on the composer and the poet by constant reminders. Every Christmas he sent to Verdi's house an "Otello" formed of chocolate, which, at first very small, grew larger as the opera progressed. Verdi did not wish to include choruses in his opera, but yielded to the fact that they are indispensable in the present condition of theatrical art. It was he also who desired that the opera should open with the tempest.

HONOURED SIR,

His Majesty the King sends herewith the insignia of the Order of Saint Maurice and Saint Lazarus.

In conferring on you, *motu proprio*, this high distinction, our august sovereign desires to give a public recognition of his great admiration for the genius with which you have done honour to Italy and to Art.

His Majesty the King also desires to congratulate you on the marvellous example of indefatigable energy which you have shown to the nation, and fervently prays that you may be long spared to enjoy the glory which you have won at once for your name and for your country.

I am, yours most respectfully,

VISONE,

Minister of State.

To the most Illustrious and Honourable  
COMMENDATORE GIUSEPPE VERDI,  
Senator of the Kingdom.

"OTELLO" BY TELEGRAPH.—The following is the telegraphic account of the production of "Otello" sent by Itefani's Telegraphic Agency over the whole of Italy on the night of February 5. Life seems palpitating in every word:—

Crowd round La Scala.

The auditorium is full. Brilliant scene.

The Opera commences at 8.20 P.M.

First Act. "The Tempest," a piece of descriptive music, is warmly applauded. Applause at the first few notes of Tamagno, the tenor.

Chorus, "Fuoco di gioia," encored.

Shouts for Verdi. No response.

Enthusiastic applause at the toast.

Final duet. Verdi recalled three times.

Second Act. Great applause for Maurel in solo for Iago and duet with Otello. Otello ditto. Splendid rendering of the dream of Cassio. Ovation for Maurel and Tamagno together.

Final oath. Artists recalled. Verdi recalled four times.

Boito, author of the libretto, called before curtain. Three more recalls for Verdi.

Third Act. Splendid rendering of duet between Otello and Desdemona. Great effect of trio between Cassio, Otello, and Iago.

Pantaleoni applauded in her grand piece, "A terra."

Maurel comes out well in the finale. Artists recalled four times, Verdi three times.

Fourth Act. "Ave Maria" divinely sung by Pantaleoni. Encored.

Orchestral introduction to third scene uproariously redemanded. Great applause for Tamagno in finale to Fourth Act. Finished at six minutes past twelve.

Verdi and the artists recalled seven times. Verdi comes on twice with Boito and Faccio. Ladies standing up in the boxes waving their handkerchiefs, gentlemen waving their hats. Frantic shouts of "Verdi." Verdi applauded by the artists on the stage.

Verdi's carriage seen by crowd on way back to hotel. Enthusiastic ovation. Horses unyoked. Carriage drawn by admirers to the hotel, which is illuminated. Houses illuminated all the way from the theatre to the hotel.

Verdi compelled to appear five times on balcony of his hotel to thank the crowd, who shout enthusiastic "Vivas."

It is curious that Verdi, professedly an anti-Wagnerian, should have thought seriously of adopting an innovation of Wagner's, which cannot be regarded as an improvement, the disuse of choral music. But for Boito and Ricordi, there would, it is said, have been no choruses in "Otello."

THE following appeal has been issued by the committee for the promotion of the Beethoven Museum in Heiligenstadt, Vienna:—

"The future Beethoven Museum will be erected at the place where the maestro spent the most flourishing period of his artistic career; the place of which he retained a pleasing recollection throughout his life; the place where a grateful posterity has since erected a monument to his memory. This small collection should gradually grow into a museum, which should combine a library and picture gallery, a collection of casts and relics, and an institute for the promotion of musical art, as represented in Beethoven. The museum which we propose will be a centre for the furtherance of serious study, which will be of service to the specialist, the scholar, the historian of art and culture, and the biographer, and will form a point of common interest for the whole civilized world. In addition to the existing collection, the committee will be glad to receive on loan, if possible for a number of weeks, any objects which may be of general interest. The possessors of any such objects relating to Beethoven (manuscripts, music, paintings, busts, coins, &c.) are cordially invited to send them in for exhibition; exhibits will be received on and after March 1, 1887, at the Gemeindehaus in Heiligenstadt. Pictures, autographs, or similar objects should, chiefly in the interests of the exhibitors, be covered with glass cases, and other objects should be suitably protected. Every object should, moreover, bear a ticket, with the name of the owner distinctly written, and a short description of the nature of the exhibit. The exhibition will be opened on March 26, 1887 (the sixtieth anniversary of Beethoven's death), and will be continued as an exhibition until it can claim the right to be considered a museum. When this time arrives, further measures will be taken. In the meantime, the promoters of the exhibition will gratefully welcome the smallest assistance, material or ideal, and in this enterprise they appeal with confidence to the veneration which posterity entertains for the mighty dead."

MANCHESTER SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—The committee of the above Union offered three prizes, the first of £3, the second of £2, the third of £1, for original Sunday School Hymn Tunes, suitable for insertion in their selection of Festival Hymns for Whitsuntide, &c., 1887; the competition being open to any person, professional or amateur.

These prizes have been awarded as follows:—The first to the motto "Stirling," by CALEB SIMPER, Organist of St. Mary's Magdalene, Worcester, for his setting of "How calmly the evening." The second to "Non nobis solum," by WILLIAM SPARK, Mus. Doc., F.C.O., of Leeds, for his setting of "God o'er all the earth is King." The third to "Vincit omnia industria," by W. B. BELL, Organist of St. Stephen's, Elton, Bury, Lancashire, for his setting of "Awake, for the trumpet is sounding."

The following particulars may prove interesting to those concerned. Seven hymns were selected and printed by the Sunday School Union, and forwarded to each applicant.

Number of Tunes sent in		790
Number of Competitors		232, who contributed as follows:
29	sent Tunes for all the Seven Tunes	203 Tunes
11	" Six out of "	66 "
24	" Five "	120 "
34	" Four "	136 "
45	" Three "	135 "
41	" Two "	82 "
48	" One "	48 "
Total		790

As regards the number of settings for each hymn, there were—

FOR NO.	SETTINGS.
VII. Rev. T. Lynch's "How calmly the evening"	141
VI. Rev. Carey Bonner's "God of little children"	134
I. Miss Farningham's "Hail the children's festival day"	136
II. Miss Haverghill's "Who is on the Lord's side"	111
V. Anon's "Awake, for the trumpet is sounding"	102
III. Mr. R. Walsley's "God o'er all the earth is King"	97
IV. Anon's "O, what can little hands do"	79
Total	790

On opening the sealed envelopes after the award, it was found that amongst the competitors, in addition to

several well-known but untitled musical composers, there were—

- 3 "Mus. Docs." of Oxon. and Cantab.
- 5 "Mus. Bacs."
- 11 "Fellows and Associates of College of Organists."
- And also "Licentiate Royal Academy of Music."
- "Associates" and "Licentiate Trinity College, London."
- "Fellows" and "Graduates T. S. F. College, London."
- "M.A.'s" and "B.A.'s."

with a great many more of lesser degree.—G. N. FORD, W. H. NICHOLSON, ALEX. PORTER, J. E. BALMER, Hon. Secretaries. CAREY BONNER, Hon. Musical Editor. —January 24, 1887.

## Foreign Notes.

OUR old friend Bottesini has produced in Italy an opera, entitled "Azael."

THE Parisians have been encoring Wagner. This was the chorus of the Flower-maidens from "Parsifal," given by the "Concordia" Choral Society in Erard's Rooms.

"PROSERPINE," M. Saint-Saens' new opera, has been rehearsed at the Opéra Comique in Paris. It will be brought out this month.

THE Heckmann Quartett have been performing in Rome and are now due in Berlin.

DAVIDOFF, the director of the Conservatoire in St. Petersburg, has for some time been bitterly attacked by the Russian Press for advancing foreign musicians in preference to those of native growth. He has now resigned, and has been succeeded by Rubinstein. Rubinstein held the same post twenty years ago, but threw it up owing to intrigues which were carried on against him. It seems strange that, after this experience and the similar experience of Davidoff, Rubinstein should go back again.

A BRILLIANT concert was given in Weimar on the 22nd of January for the benefit of the proposed Liszt Museum in that city.

THE concert was under the highest patronage. The Grand Duke sent his Hofkapellmeister, Dr. Lassen, to conduct it; the performers were the Ducal Band and the chorus from the Weimar Opera, with Fräulein Schärnack, the prima donna, and Herr Schwarz, the baritone.

THE programme, which was, of course, entirely confined to Liszt's works, comprised the following:

1. Héroïde funèbre.—Orchestra.
2. The Bells of Strassburg.—Herr Schwartz—Chorus and Orchestra.
3. Pianoforte Concerto.—Herr d'Albert.
4. St. Cecilia.—Fräulein Schärnack.—Chorus and Orchestra.
5. Fantasia in "Don Giovanni."—Herr d'Albert.
6. Dante (Symphonic Poem).—Orchestra.

LISZT concerts have also taken place at Liegnitz and Munich. That at Munich was a splendid affair. It was organized and conducted by the Hofmusikdirector, Herr Porges. There is no difficulty in making up a varied programme with Liszt's compositions. In the programme at Munich even a harp solo by the maestro was included.

THE Princess Wittgenstein is organizing a festival in Rome in memory of Liszt. At this an unpublished Mass which Liszt composed for Maximilian, Emperor of Mexico, will be produced.

"OTELLO" has been costing £800 a night. The three leading singers, Tamagno (Otello), Maurel (Iago), and Mme. Pantaleoni (Desdemona), receive £340 among them: £140 to Tamagno, £120 to Maurel, and £80 to Mme. Pantaleoni. Colonel Mapleson would not think much of these salaries.

THE Municipal Council of Milan were summoned on the Monday after the production of "Otello" to a special meeting for the consideration of a proposal to confer the freedom of the city on Verdi. The proposal was, of course, carried by acclamation.



MM. RITT and Gailhard of the Paris Opéra have signed an agreement with Messrs. Ricordi for the production of "Otello" in Paris. The date of production is not fixed, but it is believed that the chief parts will be assigned to Lassalle, Duc and Mme. Caron.

SOME prophet has discovered that Verdi is going to follow up "Otello" with a comic opera, on a subject taken from one of Goldoni's comedies. It is to be hoped that the prophet is false. Surely we have enough writers of comic operas, good, bad and indifferent, as it is.

TENORS are delicate exotics. Owing to the illness of Tamagno, the production of "Otello" was delayed for a few days, much to the annoyance of the critics who had come a long distance. The management expected to reap a golden harvest from the second performance, but Tamagno turned ill again, and it had to be postponed. This meant a serious loss to the theatre.

ALBINI is singing at the Opera in Berlin: she appeared as Violetta in "La Traviata" on the 7th of February, with Betz as Germont. Marguerite, Senta and Elsa are among her other parts.

DURING Niemann's absence in New York, Winkelmann, the tenor from Vienna, has been performing at Berlin. He has sung in half a dozen operas, including "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin." The Berliners think he is as good a singer as Niemann, but not so good an actor.

A NEW theatre, named after Bellini, has been built in Catania, the birthplace of that composer. It will be opened this month with a grand performance of "I Puritani," for which the Municipality has contributed £4000.

THE Academy of St. Cecilia in Rome are going to publish Rossini's letters.

THE School of Music founded by Rossini at his native town, Pesaro, has published, in the form of an *Annuario Scolastico*, an interesting account of its doings in the past year. The institution, which has twenty-one professors, appears to be in a very flourishing condition.

THE School of Music and the Municipality have organized a series of concerts of Rossini's music, the proceeds to be given to the fund for the erection of a monument in the Church of Santa Croce, in Florence, Rossini's final resting-place.

ARMA SENKRAH has returned to Germany after a brilliant tour in Russia.

MME. ESSIOFF is now touring in the South of Russia. She is going to give six concerts at Tiflis.

VON BULOW has been doing wonders at Hamburg. The recent production of "Carmen" is said by all the critics to have been the finest ever witnessed in the Hamburg Theatre.

BULOW has celebrated his fifty-eighth birthday by giving, instead of receiving, a birthday present! The birthday present consists in a donation of £75 to the Pension Fund for the orchestra in the Hamburg Municipal Theatre, and £37 10s. for the chorus. "One of my numerous whims," says Bulow, "is to mark a day which, as it comes round, many find unpleasant, by an act of kindness to my brother musicians."

BULOW's Beethoven Cycle has been much appreciated in Vienna. The Cycle will be given in Berlin on the 2nd, 5th, 8th, and 10th of this month.

THE Belgian violinist, César Thomson, who is compared to Sarasate, has been enthusiastically received in Vienna.

MME. HELEN HOPEKIRK and Mme. de Pachmann have been giving pianoforte recitals in the Singakademie, in Berlin, the former in association with Scharwenka.

HERR STAVENHAGEN, Listz's last pupil, has won golden opinions from the Berlin critics.

THE Danish composer, Emil Hartmann, is at present in Berlin. He is bringing out a number of new orchestral works.

MARCELLA SEMBRICH has accepted an engagement at the Opera in Vienna from next October to May, 1888.

ANTON SCHOTT has gone to New York to join the German Opera Company. He will take the place of Niemann when Niemann returns to Berlin.

MME. SUCHER is to go to Berlin from Hamburg. The Berliners wish her at once, but she has a year's engagement with Pollini. Pollini offered to release her on condition that she gave three performances a month in Hamburg, for which she would be paid by the Berlin Opera. Count Hochberg has refused the terms, and the Berliners will thus not be able to hear Mme. Sucher until October, 1888.

A NEW cantata, "The Awakening of Barbarossa," by Herr Naubert, has been well received in Berlin.

AMONG the best of the new cheap editions of Schumann's works which we owe to the expiration of the copyright, is that of the enterprising firm of Steingraber, in Hanover, which bids fair to rival Litolf of Brunswick and Peters of Leipzig. Breitkopf and Härtel have also published a cheap edition, which has the advantage of having been revised by Mme. Schumann. Breitkopf and Härtel's edition of the pianoforte works is in six volumes, at 2s. 3d. each; Steingraber's, in eleven volumes, at 1s. 4d. each.

THE Vienna Academic Wagner Union has suggested to Messrs. Schott, the proprietors of the copyright of the "Nibelungen Ring," the "Meistersinger," and "Parsifal," the publication of those works in monthly parts, at 3s. to 5s. a part. What will Messrs. Schott say?

IT is feared that the Philharmonic Society of Berlin will be broken up owing to financial difficulties. The orchestra are going to try to hold together, but they will find this a hard task, if the Society should be dissolved. In the meantime the orchestra have a good engagement at Scheveningen in prospect.

THE pianist, Emil Sauer, has had a successful tour in Switzerland.

THE young Scottish pianist, Frederick Lamond, has played with phenomenal success in Munich, Dresden, and Cologne.

MME. ELENA KENNETH has opened an advanced class for singing, under the direct patronage of Nilsson and Tamberlik, who have promised to act as examiners.

M. CESAR FRANCK has devoted one of the Concerts Populaires entirely to his own music. Selections from the "Beatitudes," were most appreciated.

JOACHIM and his Quartett Party (De Ahna, Wirth and Haussmann) have been received with tremendous enthusiasm in Paris and Lyons. At the Concert Colonne in Paris, Joachim was recalled five times.

Mlle. VON ZANDT is recovering from her long illness. She is at Cannes.

AMBROISE THOMAS has gone to Hyères, and has taken with him the libretto of "Circe" as seaside literature.

THERE is a rumour that Halévy's "Charles VI." is to be revived at the Opéra Populaire. With the Grand Opéra and the Opéra Comique, this would make three theatres devoted to serious opera in Paris.

M. COMETTANT's second Scandinavian Concert came off at Pleyel's Salon on the 27th of January. A new Norwegian vocalist, Mlle Anna Kribel, had a good reception. Grieg, Svendsen, Olsen, and Ole Bull were the chief composers represented in the programme, in which Grieg's magnificent duet for violin and pianoforte was included.

MADAME THURBER is trying to resuscitate the National Opera Company of America. She has asked the wealthy Bostonians for 100,000 dollars, and she is likely to get it.

THE Opera at Dresden has celebrated the anniversary of the death of Wagner by a complete performance of the Cycle of the "Nibelungen Ring."

THERE has also been a brilliant performance of *Tristan und Isolde*, with Gudehus and Theresa Malten in the title-roles.

THE Leipzigers are at last going to hear the "Rheingold" and the "Walküre" again, after an interval of ten years. Angelo Neumann, formerly director of the Leipzig Opera and now in Prague, acquired from Wagner the performing rights of the Trilogy. Herr Neuman, was angry at having been superseded at Leipzig and when the Leipzigers asked for permission to bring out the Trilogy, he always said, No 'Nibelungen' for you since you turned me out of my directorship." He has relented at last.

ANGELO NEUMANN has made arrangements with the firm of Lucca in Milan, for a tour in Italy with a German Opera Company. Wagner, Weber and Mozart will be represented in the repertoire.

THERE has been a successful concert performance of "Euryanthe" at Barmen.

THE whole of the final act of the "Walküre" was recently performed at a concert in Regensburg.

BRUSSELS has taken up the "Walküre," with Engel as Siegmund and Mme. Litvinne as Brunnhilde. Perhaps it may find its way as far as Paris some day.

M. BENJAMIN GODARD, whose "Symphonie légendaire" recently attracted so much attention in Paris, is going to write an opera. The libretto is to be taken from "Ruy Blas," a treasure-house that has often been ransacked before.

THE Meiningen Dramatic Company are fulfilling a six weeks engagement at the Victoria Theatre in Berlin. Their repertoire includes "Julius Caesar," "The Merchant of Venice," Byron's "Marino Faliero," Kleist's "Hermannsschlacht," and Schiller's "Maid of Orleans," "Maria Stuart," "The Robbers," and "Wallenstein Trilogy."

STATISTICS have been published of the amount spent on the opera companies of the provincial towns of France. Nantes spends 100,000 francs, Rouen 130,000, Marseilles 147,000, Toulouse 150,000, and Lyons 280,000 per annum.

NILSSON has had a brilliant concert in Marseilles. Besides Swedish songs, she sang the Dream of Elsa from "Lohengrin," the Jewel Song from "Faust," the Miserere, from "Il Trovatore," and the well-known song of Mignon.

M. JONCIERES, the composer of the successful opera "Le Chevalier Jean," has resigned his position as President of the Society of French Composers, and M. Saint-Saëns has been elected in his stead.

"SAMSON AND DELILAH," by Saint-Saëns, will be performed at the Opera in Vienna; also "Flora Mirabilis," the successful opera by Samara produced at Milan last year.

M. SAINT-SAËNS' opera, "Henry VIII.," has made its way to Germany, where it is to be performed at Frankfurt.

TASTES differ. Goldmark's opera, "The Queen of Sheba," which has been so successful in Germany, has proved an utter failure at Madrid, although the famous tenor Gayarre was in the cast.



AN opera by a Portuguese musician, Senhor Machado, has been brought out at the San Carlos Theatre in Lisbon. The title is "Os Dorias," and the subject is the conspiracy of Fiesco at Genoa.

A CANTATA on the death of the Emperor Joseph, written by Beethoven in early youth, has been performed at Munich. It was first brought to light in 1884, by Herr Eduard Hanslick, the well-known Vienna critic.

A SPLENDID Stradivarius, dated 1689, has been knocked down at a sale in Paris to M. Delsart of the Conservatoire for the sum of £760.

ANOTHER link with the past is gone. Fauconnet the tuner, who tuned the pianos of Beethoven, Meyerbeer, and Rossini, has just died at Vesoul.

GERMANY is the country of male choirs. A grand concert has been given by the Düsseldorf Male Choir, assisted by contingents from the neighbouring towns. Max Bruch's "Frithjof" music was performed.

MASSENET's opera, "Le Cid," has been performed at Brussels under the direction of the composer.

A THEATRE has been built at Buenos Ayres, on the model of Wagner's Theatre at Bayreuth, with an invisible orchestra.

THE Bayreuth Almanac is as interesting as ever. Besides the usual store of Wagneriana, it contains an article by Herr Porges, in memory of the ill-starred King Ludwig of Bavaria, and a sketch on Gluck from the pen of Langhans (the continuator of Ambros' History of Music) prepared for the forthcoming centenary celebration next November. There are three fine engravings: a bust of Wagner, and portraits of King Ludwig and Liszt.

VERDI's Requiem Mass will be performed in Paris at the Church of Saint Eustache on the 10th of this month. Verdi will probably come to Paris for the occasion.

A NUMBER of unpublished works by Hérold, the composer of "Zampa," have been performed at a concert organized by the composer's widow and daughter, which has been given at the Erard Rooms in Paris. The programme included a sonata, a concerto, fragments of a symphony, and portions of an Italian Opera, all composed by Hérold in his youth, when he was studying at Rome after having taken the well-known Prix de Rome at the Paris Conservatoire.

It is reported that Herr Dibbern, of Munich, has written an opera, "Die Bulgäre," the hero of which is Prince Alexander of Battenberg. In this delectable work the Prince is seated on the throne by a ballet of Amazons.

ON February 13, the anniversary of Wagner's death, "Der Fliegende Holländer" was given at the Royal Opera House, with Mme. Albani as Senta. The house was full, and the attentive audience gave the distinguished prima donna, who sang in German, a most enthusiastic reception. After the second and third acts she was called four times before the curtain. The Crown Prince, who sat in a stage box with Princess Victoria, was visibly pleased, clapping his hands at the end of the opera each time Mme. Albani reappeared. The French Ambassador and Mme. and Mlle. Herbetie occupied one of the boxes in the first tier. The Kaiser, by the advice of his physicians, did not attend the so-called Palace ball at the Schloss on Friday night, but his Majesty is in good health.

SEÑOR SARASATE will give three concerts with orchestra in the Salle Erard, Paris, this month.

THE opera-singer, Georg Unger, of Leipzig, died at Halle on the 2nd ult. He was the first Siegfried in Wagner's "Ring des Nibelungen," and sang that part with great success at the earliest Bayreuth festival. Wagner gave him the preference over other singers of equal capacity on account of his handsome face and splendid presence.

IN Paris, the prima donna, Krauss and Fides-Dervies, receive a salary of some £6000 a year. M. Lasalle makes about £5000, and M. Faure, the baritone, is paid at the rate of £60 a night on the rare occasions when he appears in opera. At the Opéra Comique the four leading artists are paid at the rate of £250 per month. Gayarre, the Spanish tenor, who, sixteen years ago, got 3s. 6d. a night for singing in a music-hall in Madrid, has now made an arrangement to sing at the Paris Opéra for fifty nights for £14,000.

MME. CHRISTINE NILSSON has been on a concert tour in France, and has been enthusiastically received at every town she has visited. She will sing at a few concerts in London during the spring. The news that she has determined not to appear again in opera will be received with general regret.

THE new opera, "La Patrie," has won, and still holds, the favour of Parisian theatre-goers. M. Paladilhe has walked in the steps of his distinguished forerunners, Meyerbeer, Halévy, and Auber, instead of blindly following the erratic leaders of the modern German school. Conspicuous success has been his reward.

THE German theatre in St. Petersburg, which has received an imperial subvention for fifty years, is to be closed; and the grant is to be given to a new theatre which the Czar has ordered to be built, at which Russian opera and ballet are to be performed.

AT Darmstadt a monumental tablet has been placed upon the house in which Weber lived while studying under the Abbé Vogler.

A NEW opera, founded on Shakespeare's "Tempest," the music composed by Herr Anton Urspruch, is to be brought out during the present season at the Opera, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.



## Pianoforte-Gymnastics.

By BERNHARD ALTHAUS, Professor of Music,  
R.A.M. Berlin and Leipzig.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### NERVOUSNESS: ITS CAUSES AND ITS CURE.

(Continued.)

ALTHOUGH the arts of Touch and Expression will each be treated in separate articles, I think it better now to briefly mention a few points connected therewith, inasmuch as the nerves are largely concerned in these matters, and a great deal of nervousness has its origin in touch and expression.

There is hardly a piece of music in which all necessary marks of expression and accents have been put down by the composer. Fix, therefore, in your mind, or, if you cannot do so at first, put pencil-marks—

a. On all notes which require some sort of accent, or only some pressure of the finger, besides those already marked by the composer.

b. Determine also which notes are not to be marked, but merely to be "given" or "touched;" also those which are to be pressed out, and, lastly, those few notes which must be struck. The not marking of less important notes is of just as much consequence as the marking of really important ones. A great many players mark the former as well as the latter.

There is no slow movement in which there are not one or more parts that ought to be played quicker, to prevent the piece from dragging, nor is there a single quick piece without a few parts that ought to be played slower, not only to make some expressive playing possible, but also to prevent monotony, and to promote contrast and variety. Every appearance of invariable uniformity, both in time and touch, reminding of a mere machine or barrel-organ, and tiring the listener, must be avoided if you would escape the just reproach a great-critic once uttered after a "brilliant" performance, "Yes, he played very well, but a machine might have done it still better!"

Therefore you must make up your mind which parts ought to be played slower or quicker, and also decide how to compensate for the loss incurred or the prolongation of time caused. For instance, if you quicken a certain passage of two or four bars or more in a slow movement, you must make good the time by getting much slower at the end of the passage, and *vice versa*.

If you slacken time in a quick movement, you ought to quicken later on, to make up the correct time. All this must be calculated and practised beforehand, so that you know what you mean to do, and how you intend to do it.

Nothing must be left to chance or possible inspiration, which may or may not come to you. You simply have a duty to perform—to properly interpret and do justice to a piece of music. You must know how you mean to do it, and, knowing it, you will be strong and prepared for the fight, and not liable to be nervous.

Determine also beforehand how you intend to play all ornamental notes, such as turns, appoggiaturas, accented arpeggios, shakes, passages, also broken chords, according to the rules laid down by the best masters (for instance, Moscheles, v. Bülow, Halle, and others), and practise the proper manner of touching the initial little treble and large bass-note together. All "trifles" being of the utmost importance in the works of the great masters, I may be forgiven for already here dilating on this particular point.

The right touch is here very difficult, as, according to old-fashioned and time-honoured usage, such little notes are unfortunately written differently to what they are intended to be played! In consequence of this, for at least thirty years most players have played the little notes in between the large ones, thereby augmenting the length of the bar, destroying the proper time and all real grace. I hope it will not take another thirty year to make amateurs understand the right way of playing them.

Rule.—The first note of all such ornamental groups or passages of small notes must be played exactly with the bass-note pertaining to the principal large treble-note to which they are attached, and not in between the large notes, as nearly all players, from ignorance or carelessness, are wont to do. The principal note comes last of all. This rule is a rule without exception, at least in all good and first-class music, and its non-observance stamps a player at once as a non-artist, an indifferent amateur—a musical ignoramus, in fact. Its proper observance, however, is so difficult that it will be wise for the inexperienced students to practise the touch of every first small note together with the bass in this manner—viz. to lift both hands and to emphasise both the small treble-note and the big bass-note as the best means of preventing their separation. I may add that the non-observance of this rule leads to constant uncertainty in touch and time, to continued ignominious stumbling; people have a vague feeling of being wrong somewhere, and so become nervous. Knowledge here also is strength and prevents nervousness.

Merely to be able to accent at all, or to press out notes you must determine where the fingers (or the whole hand) must be taken up, or which notes have to be shortened, which prolonged. For, without knowing this, all proper touch must simply be out of the question; and these consequences are uncertainty, doubts, and therefore nervousness.

Golden rule for nervous players:

Practise your whole piece through with a full touch and slowly pressing out every single note, excepting, however, single, isolated quavers, semiquavers, or demi-semiquavers—for instance, those following closely upon dotted crotchets, dotted quavers, and

dotted semiquavers. These notes are short by nature, and want a right elastic touch. If you mark them, they at once become too long, and therefore wrong. But you may very well practise whole groups of quick notes with a full touch, as this impresses such fleeting notes better upon your memory, and likewise on the tips and nerves of your fingers. It strengthens the nerves.

One point of importance must be insisted upon here. You must, while playing with the above full touch, hold your hands as high as possible, and in an upright (perpendicular) position. Play only with the tips of the fingers. Any difficult quick passage may be conquered in this manner. After practising it slowly with full touch, you need only vigorously shake your hand and fingers, and will then find that you can play the passage fluently and quickly. To prevent any disappointment, practise such a passage twice slowly, with the greatest care and with full touch. The outcome of such practise is, quickness. The outcome of quick practise is simply this, irremediable mistakes and stumbling.

After you have now (with a light and easy touch, of course) *♩* or *♪* tried over the difficult passage in quick time, play it once more slowly, as before, to make it safe for next time, for quick playing wears out and exhausts the fingers.

Should you, nevertheless, find your playing still imperfect after the above first trial in quick time, then practise it twice more slowly, once with a full touch, once with a light touch. I think you will then know the passage to a certainty (thus gaining full confidence in yourself), and soon lose the last vestige of nervousness.

I have found this style of practising with my good pupils so invariably productive of the best results that I confidently may describe it as a scientific fact based upon closest calculation. The shaking of the fingers is also here of the last and first consequence.

\* There is another way of practising difficult passages, that is backwards. See Difficulties, Chapter V.

To the Editor of THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to correct an error which has crept into the February number of your excellent Magazine?

At the conclusion of an article on "The Guildhall School of Music," page 235, the following words occur: "It may probably become the parent of other kindred institutions in various parts of the country, for already music schools, aided out of the rates, have been established at Watford and Cork,"—thereby inferring that the Guildhall School was the first of the rate-supported music schools, which is not the case. It was opened in 1880, and is therefore now six years old: whereas the "Cork School of Music" entered, in last September, upon its ninth year of work.

Honour to whom honour is due.

Faithfully yours,  
F. ST. JOHN LACY.

90 Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, W.,  
February 7, 1887.



## From "l'Esquive."

(ZOLA.)

**H**AYDN is the graceful rhetorician; his is the miniature tremulous music of an old powdered ancestress. MOZART is the precursor of geniuses—the first to give to the orchestra an individual voice. And these two especially live, because they have created BEETHOVEN. Ah, Beethoven! Power, strength, in the serenity of sorrow, Michael Angelo at the tomb of the Medicis! A heroic logician, a moulder of minds: for from the Choral Symphony have sprung all the great musicians of to-day.

WEBER passes on, in a romantic landscape, conducting the Ballad of the Dead, in the midst of weeping willows and oaks that ring their hands. SCHUBERT follows him, beneath the pale moon, along the silvery lakes. And there is ROSSINI, the Don in person, so gay, so natural, so careless of expression, laughing at the world: who is not *my man*—oh no!—but nevertheless so astounding in the fertility of his invention, in the stupendous effects he produces from the accumulation of voices, and the swollen repetition of the same theme. These three find a climax in MEYERBEER, a shrewd fellow, who has profited by them all; putting symphony into opera, after Weber,—giving dramatic expression to the unconscious formula of Rossini. Oh! superb inspirations, feudal pomp, military mysticism, the shudder of fantastic legends, a cry of passion traversing History! And grand discoveries:—the personality of instruments, dramatic recitative symphonically accompanied by the orchestra; the "typical phrase," on which the whole work is built. *Un grand bonhomme, un très-grand bonhomme!*

BERLIOZ has put Literature into his works. He is the musical illustrator of Shakespeare, Virgil, and Goethe. And what a painter! The Delacroix of music, who has literally made sounds blaze, in the lightning-like oppositions of colour; and, allied to that, the romantic instinct, a religious sentiment which carries him away, and ecstasies soaring above the mountain tops: bad constructor of opera, marvellous in the *morceau*, sometimes too exacting from the orchestra he tortures, having pushed to extreme the personality of the instruments, each of which for him represents a personage. Ah, his saying about the clarionets—"The clarionets are the loved women"—that always makes my flesh quiver. And CHOPIN, such a dandy in his Byronism; the winged poet of the nervous generation! And MENDELSSOHN, that impeccable sculptor: Shakespeare in dancing-pumps; whose "Songs without Words" are jewels for intelligent ladies! And then, then we must bow the knee.

Oh! SCHUMANN, despair, the delight of despair: ay, the end of all, the final song of a sad purity hovering over the ruins of the world. Oh! WAGNER, the god, in whom the ages of music are incarnate! His work is the immense Arch, the whole of the Arts combined in one; the Orchestra living with separate life beside the Drama; and what a massacre of conventionalities, of foolish formulae! What revolutionary freedom in the infinite! The overture to the "Tannhäuser"—ah, it is the sublime Alleluia of the new age. First, the chaunt of the pilgrims, the religious motive, calm and profound, with slow palpitations; then, the voices of the sirens gradually overwhelming it, the voluptuous joys of Venus, full of drowsy languors, rising by degrees higher and higher, more imperious and dissolute; and presently the sacred theme, which gradually returns, like a breath from the infinite, incorporating all the melodies, and slowly dissolving them into one supreme harmony, wafted on high upon the wings of a Triumphant Hymn!



### "Magazine of Music" Word Competition.

THE total entries in this Competition were less than 600, and as the proceeds were insufficient to pay even the expense of advertising, we are therefore at considerable loss in the matter, and regret that there is nothing available for the "Robin Dinner."

The prizes, as advertised in the *Standard* of February 7, were awarded as follows:

- 1st.—JOHN LIGAT, Jun.,  
Westfield Cottage, Rutherglen, Glasgow.
- 2nd.—Mrs. CROSBY,  
College, Ely.
- 3rd.—JOHN TENNANT, Jun.,  
430 South Wellington Street, Glasgow.
- 4th.—EDGAR BARRY,  
Beaverwood, Chiselhurst.

Rutherglen, February 15, 1887.  
Received from the Editor of the "Magazine of Music,"  
cheque for Ten Pounds sterling, being the amount of First Prize in  
the "Magazine of Music" Word Competition.

With thanks,

College, Ely, Cambridgeshire,  
February 15, 1887.

Mrs. Crosby begs to acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of  
cheque for £5 for "Magazine of Music" Word Competition.

430 South Wellington Street, Glasgow,  
February 15, 1887.

To the Editor of THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your esteemed  
favour of yesterday enclosing cheque for £3, being the Third Prize  
won by me in the "Magazine of Music" Word Competition.

Please accept of my best thanks, and wishing the Magazine  
and its conductors all success,

I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,  
JOHN TENNANT, Jun.

Beaverwood, Chiselhurst,  
February 15, 1887.

To the Editor of THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in acknowledging receipt of  
your cheque for £2, being the Fourth Prize in the "Magazine of  
Music" Word Competition.

Yours truly,  
EDGAR BARRY.

### Puzzle Competition.

#### THE LEADING LIGHTS IN MUSIC, ART, AND ROMANCE.

Below we give the full list of celebrities depicted by our artist in  
the sketch appearing in the Christmas Number:—

- |                                       |                             |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 A. Tennyson.                        | 29 Stockton.                |
| 2 R. Browning.                        | 30 Burroughs.               |
| 3 Irving.                             | 31 Mrs. Langtry.            |
| 4 Burnand.                            | 32 Miss Anderson.           |
| 5 Toole.                              | 33 Edward Terry.            |
| 6 Matthew Arnold.                     | 34 Pinero.                  |
| 7 Swinburne.                          | 35 Ellen Terry.             |
| 8 Austin Dobson.                      | 36 G. H. Boughton, A.R.A.   |
| 9 W. S. Gilbert.                      | 37 Holl, R.A.               |
| 10 Sir Arthur Sullivan.               | 38 Watts, R.A.              |
| 11 Sarasate.                          | 38a Alma Tadema.            |
| 12 Néruda.                            | 39 Ruskin.                  |
| 13 Rubinstein.                        | 40 Pettie, R.A.             |
| 14 Patti.                             | 41 Orchardson.              |
| 15 Santley.                           | 42 Sir F. Leighton.         |
| 16 Albani.                            | 43 J. E. Millais.           |
| 17 Sims Reeves.                       | 44 Sir J. Gilbert.          |
| 18 B. McGuckin.                       | 45 Sara Bernhardt.          |
| 19 Nilsson.                           | 46 Kendal.                  |
| 20 Cowan.                             | 47 Mrs. Kendal.             |
| 21 C. Hallé.                          | 48 W. Farren.               |
| 21a. Joachim.                         | 49 Dion Boucicault.         |
| 22 Marie Roze.                        | 50 Wilson Barrett.          |
| 23 Richter.                           | 51 Hermann Vezin.           |
| 24 Gounod.                            | 52 Gus Harris.              |
| 25 Manns.                             | 53 Clayton (Court Theatre). |
| 26 Carl Rosa.                         | 54 Mrs. John Wood.          |
| 27 Tyndall (Professor).               | 55 Amy Roselle.             |
| 28 W. Morris ("Earthly<br>Paradise"). | 56 C. Wyndham.              |
|                                       | 57 G. Crossmith.            |

The £1 1s. prize has been awarded to Mr. George Stronach,  
11 Warrender Park Crescent, Edinburgh, whose list most nearly  
corresponds to the above results.

### Character Sketch.

The papers sent in for this competition were very few, and so  
devoid of merit that the adjudicators were unable to award any  
prize.

## Questions and Answers.

A. COOPER.—I. A. Bassano, Old Bond Street, London. 2. No.  
But you would find the Metronome you mention answer your  
purpose; of course they are not so strong as the higher-priced  
instruments.

NACHSTÜCK.—Novello, Ewer & Co., Berners Street, London.  
Write for their catalogue. We are glad to hear you have derived so  
much instruction and pleasure from the MAGAZINE. Many thanks  
for your kind wishes.

E. MACMICHAEL.—The year date will be added in future. If  
you look at last month's number you will find Supplement dated.  
CELLO.—Anon! Anon! At present others are promised, but  
towards the end of the year your favourite artists' portraits will be  
given.

FIRENZE.—Unless specially noted on the published music, any  
song or piece of music may be sung or played in public without  
permission or payment of fee.

T. K. MURRAY.—Prose and verse should be chanted as pointed.  
Is this what you mean?

K.—Apply direct to Leipzig for catalogue.

W. F. CLAUGHTON, Keble College, Oxford, writes:—"Can you  
or any of your correspondents give me any information which  
would aid me in procuring an old song, called 'When Love is kind,  
gentle and free?' Perhaps some of our readers may be able to  
give the desired information.

J. B.—See answer to A. Cooper.

J. B.—Paganini was born at Genoa, February 18, 1781. His  
father was a small tradesman, a great lover of music, and a per-  
former on the mandoline. Paganini died at Nice, May 27, 1840,  
aged fifty-six. He left his son Achille a large fortune, estimated at  
£20,000.

CARDINAL.—"O Salutaris Hostia" is a hymn sung during the  
Office called Benediction, at the moment when the Tabernacle is  
opened, in order that the Consecrated Host may be removed and  
placed in the Monstrance, prepared for its solemn exposition.  
Sometimes also "O Salutaris Hostia" is sung at High Mass  
immediately after the Benediction.

F. S. A.—The Musical Antiquarian Society, for the publication  
of scarce and valuable works by the early English composers, was  
established in 1840, and commenced its publications in November  
of that year. The Society's proceedings are published annually by  
Lucas & Weber.

CURIOS.—There is a good portrait of Mandonville in pastel, by  
Latour, now in the possession of M. Ambroise Thomas. The  
physiognomy is that of a man, cunning, patient, and fond of money.

STUDENT.—The Mendelssohn Scholarship is the most valuable  
musical prize in the United Kingdom. It originated in a movement  
among the friends of Mendelssohn, who, shortly after his death,  
resolved to found scholarships in his memory.

A CONSTANT READER.—We suppose you mean Charles Dibdin.  
Look in Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, vol. i, page  
442. You could see this book at the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

JOHN NEWHOUSE.—Write to Simpkin & Marshall's, Paternoster  
Row, London, who will give you particulars of books mentioned.

HARPE EOLIEENNE.—You had better inquire at some music  
publisher's about Schmidt's Finger Exercises. Mus. Bac. candi-  
dates are required to play and read at sight, even from score, with  
tenor and alto clefs.

CIGARETTE.—The best theory and technical books on Music are  
those published by Novello and Augener. The Harrow School  
Series are very excellent.

A NOVICE.—Dr. Stainer's Organ School will give the information.  
Novello & Co., 1 Berners Street, London, are best supplied with  
Organ Music.

ART. COOK.—We should think so. Mr. Hoffe, 50 Manor Street,  
Clapham, London, is a teacher of the instrument. He will be able  
to tell if the chords are properly within the compass of the left  
hand.

WALTER HALL.—A glance through a musical catalogue may  
supply names of trios desired. Information of this kind is best  
obtained at a musical academy or publisher's, such as Chappell's,  
Cock's, Novello's, &c.

EDGAR HORNE.—Call in at a violin or brass instrument seller's;  
they are likely to give information.

WANTONO.—I. Metronome speed of overture in "A Midsummer  
Night's Dream" is m. m.  $\text{♩} = 84$ . We have not a copy of "Wedding  
March" at hand; almost any copy will give it. 2. Our copy of  
"Messiah," edited by W. T. Best, is 1st time *f*, and printed over  
1st score, 2nd time *f*. 3. Violin family in front, wood behind,  
brass and drum behind wood. 4. O. W. overwork, the upper  
manual; H. W. the lower. In English O. W. swell; H. W. great  
organs. 5. Violoncello obbligato means you are obliged to have  
violoncello accompaniment, it being indispensable to the proper  
performance of the piece. 6. Pianist, I pronounced as in *fa*, as in  
fan.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC will in future be published on  
the 25th of every month. Subscription price 7s. 6d. per annum,  
post free, payable in advance.

All editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor,  
MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, 23 Paternoster Row. Contributions and  
letters must be accompanied by the name and address of the writers  
not necessarily for publication, but for the information of the Editor.  
It is desired that names be written distinctly to avoid mistake.  
MS. cannot be returned unless stamps are sent for that purpose,  
and no responsibility for safe return can be accepted. We cannot  
undertake to return any MS., music, or drawing sent in for prize  
competition, therefore a copy should be retained by the sender.





SOPHIE MENTER.



## LA BERCEUSE DE L'ENFANTELET.

P. SELIGMANN.

Op. 63.

Andante.

VIOLIN.



PIANO.





ANN.

This musical score is for a piano and voice piece, page 135. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is D major (two sharps). The tempo and mood markings include *dolciss.* (dolce), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *leggiere* (leggiero). The score is written in a system of staves, with the vocal line on a single staff and the piano accompaniment on two staves. The piano part includes complex figures, such as a rapid sixteenth-note run in the right hand and a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand. The vocal line consists of a single melodic line with various ornaments and phrasing. The score is divided into measures by vertical bar lines, and the piano part includes dynamic markings like *f* (forte) and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The overall style is characteristic of 19th-century romantic music.

*dolciss.*

*dolciss.*

*mf*

*leggiere*





The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, featuring chords and moving lines. A dotted line with the number '8' above it connects a measure in the middle staff to a later measure.



The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff has a melodic line with a *rallent.* marking and a *con molto espressione* instruction. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff. The middle staff has a *rallent.* marking and a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The bottom staff has a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking. The system concludes with a series of chords in the grand staff.



The third system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, featuring chords and moving lines. The system concludes with a series of chords in the grand staff.



The fourth system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff with a treble and bass clef, featuring chords and moving lines. The system concludes with a series of chords in the grand staff.





First system of musical notation. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It begins with a *dol.* (dolando) marking. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, also in two sharps. It features a series of chords and moving lines.



Second system of musical notation. The top staff continues the melodic line. The bottom staff continues the piano accompaniment with various chordal textures.



Third system of musical notation. The top staff includes a *ff* (fortissimo) marking and a *dol. e cresc.* (dolando e crescendo) marking. The bottom staff features a *ff* marking and a section with dense, repeated chords.



Fourth system of musical notation. The top staff continues the melodic line. The bottom staff features a dense, repeated chordal texture in both treble and bass staves.



*Pressez.*

*Pressez.*

*f* *ff* *ritenuto* *dol.* *dol.* *ritenuto*

*a tempo* *a tempo*





## ARIA RELIGIOSO.

JESSIE R. JUPP.

Andante con espressione.

*p*

*mf*

*piu cres.* *fenergico*

*f* *dim. e rall.* *a tempo* *pp*

*pp smorz.*



Supplement of "Faust" Music

2 vols in 1.

THE

# MAGAZINE

For the STUDENT

and the

OF

MILLION

# MUSIC

PART 25.—APRIL.

PRICE 6d.

1886



**NEUMEYER**  
PATENT  
**QUADRUPLEX PIANOS.**  
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD.  
Sold at all the Best Music Warehouses.  
LONDON WHOLESALE DEPOT  
**NEUMEYER HALL,**  
HART STREET, BLOOMSBURY, W.C.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

Published for PROPRIETOR **MAGAZINE OF MUSIC** by **W. KENT & CO., 23 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.**

WHOLESALE AGENTS: **SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW. MENZIES, EDINBURGH. J. HEYWOOD, MANCHESTER. J. P. MATHW & CO., DUNDEE.**

Music Trade.—**Cramer & Co., Regent Street. Joseph Williams, Berners Street. E. Williams, Paternoster Row. F. Pittman, Paternoster Row. Paterson & Co., Glasgow. Pohlmann & Co., Dublin. Methven, Simpson & Co., Dundee. D. Thomas, Aberdeen.**

## PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY.

### VIOLONCELLIST.

MR J. OWEN, Hamilton Villa, Hampton Road, Birchfield, Birmingham.

### PIANO.

MISS NICHOLS, 57 Athole Road, Bradford. Leipsic Diploma.

### PIANO.

MR ROGER ASCHAM, Wellingborough.

### PIANO.

MISS AGNES ROLFE, 98 Lyndhurst Grove, Peckham.

### PIANO.

MR W. TOWNSEND, 20 St Catherine's Place, Edinburgh.

### HARP.

MR EDWIN SMITH, Hormes House, Hurstmonceux, near Hailsham, Sussex.

### BARITONE.

MR E. A. WILLIAMS (and Prof. Voc. Elact.), Jun. Garrick Club Adelphi, W.C.

### BARITONE.

MR PERCY GORDON HELLER, c/o Novello, Ewer, & Co., 1 Berners Street, W.

### BARITONE.

MR ROBERT STROUD, Durham House, Clapham Common, S.W.

### SOPRANO.

MISS MAY ALLAN, Pointhouse, Brigg, Lincolnshire, and 2 Queen's Square, Leeds.

### SOPRANO.

MISS AGNES BANKS, 60 Mornington Road, Regent's Park, N.W.

### SOPRANO.

MISS FUSSELLE, 37 Harrington Square, N.W.

### CONTRALTO.

MISS MARY HORTON, 34 Loughborough Road, Brixton, S.W.

### ACCOMPANIST.

MISS AGNES ROLFE, 98 Lyndhurst Grove, Peckham.

HARMONY taught by correspondence, on moderate terms. Apply "Composer," care of Magazine of Music Office.

## JUST OUT, "A WONDERFUL PEN."

'The Flying Dutchman' Pen is made on a twin-nib principle, one nib is superimposed on the other. The upper one, which is trowel-shaped, forms an arch which holds the ink.

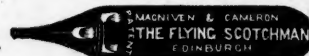
## 'THE FLYING DUTCHMAN' PEN.

'Our Editor wrote 400 words with one dip.'—*Dewsbury Reporter*.

'We are able to testify from experience that the requirements of a fountain pen have been usefully and practically met.'—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle*.

## 'The Flying Scotchman' Pen.

Sold by all Stationers throughout the World.



Sample Box, with all kinds, by post, 1/1.

1995 Newspapers recommend them.

'They eclipse all others.'—*Globe*.

Patentees—MACNIVEN & CAMERON, 23 Blair Street, Edinburgh.

(Established 1770.)

'They come as a boon and a blessing to men, The Pickwick, the Owl, and the Waverley Pen.'

# ELECTRIC BELLS

FOR MANSIONS, HOTELS, HOUSES, OFFICES, HOUSE TO STABLE, AND ALL PURPOSES.  
LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS. FIRE TELEGRAPHS. SPEAKING TUBES.  
CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION. ESTIMATES FREE.

Large Bell, Push, 50 Yards of Insulated Wire, and everything Complete on receipt of 25s.

FIRE AND BURGLAR ALARMS.

FRANCIS & CO.,  
EAGLE TELEGRAPH WORKS,  
HATTON GARDEN,  
LONDON, E.C.

Improved Patent Electric Gas Lighter, 21s. Carriage Paid.  
This Lighter having no Battery or other means possible to the least derangement, is practically inexhaustible.

BEST GOODS ONLY. THE TRADE SUPPLIED.  
OLD CRANK BELLS REPLACED BY ELECTRIC. NO REMOVAL OF CARPET OR SLIGHTEST INCONVENIENCE.

# ELECTRIC BELLS

## Prize Competition.

### TWENTY GUINEA MUSICAL BOX.

From the celebrated Factory of Messrs PAILLARD & CO.

Every Purchaser of the present Number of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC will be entitled to take part in this Competition, for which the Prize is a TWENTY GUINEA MUSICAL BOX. The Instrument is in a richly-inlaid Case, and is alike beautiful to the eye and to the ear.

This Competition is intended to exercise the musical taste. Draw up an ideal list of Ten Tunes for a Musical Box. Consider that in a Musical Box the same Tune must be heard again and again.

#### FORM TO BE USED.

Cut the paper out and post, fully stamped, to COMPETITION EDITOR, *Magazine of Music*, 60 Old Bailey, London.

#### TUNES.

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_
5. \_\_\_\_\_
6. \_\_\_\_\_
7. \_\_\_\_\_
8. \_\_\_\_\_
9. \_\_\_\_\_
10. \_\_\_\_\_

If therefore it has not in it the element of lasting pleasure, the Musical Box fails of its purpose. Every Competitor must be guided by his personal preference; but we may give our own opinion that an ideal list would comprise the grave and the gay; it would have regard to our own national tunes, and would not omit examples of opera and foreign music. The airs would be well contrasted, stirring without being vulgar, and soothing without being sleepy. As to the decision of the Prize, it is not for any one person to assume infallibility and declare out of many hundreds which is the ideal list. The decision will be left to the Musical Box—an oracle of unquestioned authority, which cannot possibly go wrong and is not liable to change its mind.

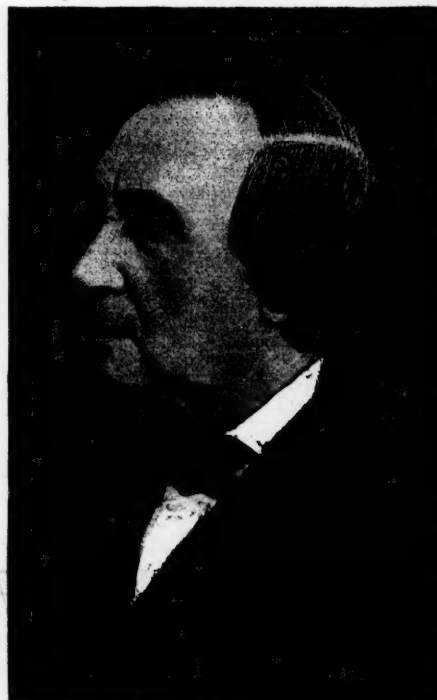
NOTE—Competition closes on 20th May.

Name, \_\_\_\_\_  
Address, \_\_\_\_\_

## Prize Portrait Puzzle.

This is the Portrait of the Greatest Living Song-Writer. Who is he?

ANSWER HERE.



Name Five of his Best Songs, or any less number you know.

1. \_\_\_\_\_
2. \_\_\_\_\_
3. \_\_\_\_\_
4. \_\_\_\_\_
5. \_\_\_\_\_

Cut the Paper out and post to COMPETITION EDITOR, *Magazine of Music*, 60 Old Bailey, London, before 20th of April.

If you do not know, ask your musical friends.

Competitor's Name, \_\_\_\_\_

Address, \_\_\_\_\_

The sum of Half-a-Guinea will be remitted to the Winner, who will also receive a free copy of the Magazine for a year.



## CERTIFICATE OF MERIT

AWARDED BY THE

**SANITARY INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN,**

At the HEALTH CONGRESS, HELD AT LEICESTER, 1885.

*Refreshing, Agreeable, Healthy, Invaluable, in all Houses.*

By DIFFUSING the vapour of EUCALYPTOL in the only way in which this wonderful destroyer of disease germs can be thoroughly and reliably effective,

# Dr Wright's (Patent) Sanitary (Eucalyptol) Night-Lights

PURIFY THE AIR IN ANY ROOM AS COMPLETELY AS WATER IS PURIFIED BY PASSING THROUGH THE MOST PERFECT FILTER.

Where they are burnt the risks incurred by healthy persons owing to the close vicinity of contagious disease are entirely surmounted.

All disease germs are destroyed.

Infection is therefore prevented from spreading.

The poisonous effects of sewer gas are rendered powerless.

Bed-rooms, Nurseries, and Sick-rooms are made fresh and agreeable, instead of stuffy and unwholesome.

All this is accomplished while performing the ordinary duties of a Night-Light, and at such a trifling cost as to place the advantages obtained within the reach of all classes.

"These Night-Lights diffuse EUCALYPTOL throughout the apartment, and their use is one of the most simple and effective methods of rendering rooms in which they are burnt wholesome and fresh."—*LANCET*, 14th March 1885.

"These Night-Lights are very useful for deodorizing the air of sick and sleeping-rooms."—*MEDICAL TIMES*.

Report of LEOPOLD FIELD, ESQ., F.C.S., Assoc. S. Teleg. Eng., late Assistant Chemist to the War Department, Lecturer at the Health Exhibition, Society of Arts, etc.:—

"By dint of persevering experiments we have succeeded in producing a Night-Light which, while fulfilling the ordinary conditions of time and light, exhales a healthful, refreshing, and agreeable vapour. This I have subjected to most crucial tests, and have no hesitation in pronouncing the SANITARY NIGHT-LIGHT to be an absolute destroyer of evil odours—hence invaluable in the Sick-room.

"When known the public cannot fail to recognise the intrinsic value of such a Night-Light, and I believe we shall see, in time, its universal adoption as a preventive and curative.

(Signed) "LEOPOLD FIELD, F.C.S., &c."

It is while we are asleep at night that we incur some of the greatest risks to health, for then we may unconsciously breathe an impure atmosphere, which, when awake, we should be sensible of, and take measures to remedy. Windows and doors which are frequently opened during the day are kept closed for several hours at night, so that, should the atmosphere become polluted, it must pervade the whole house—hence it is that, at night more especially, such diseases as

**SCARLET FEVER, SMALL-POX, TYPHUS, TYPHOID FEVER, DIPHTHERIA, CHOLERA, ETC., ETC., ETC.,**

gain a footing in the household. All such dangers are effectually removed by burning Dr WRIGHT'S SANITARY (EUCALYPTOL) NIGHT-LIGHTS.

These Night-Lights are really a great boon to all who are in any way associated with sick persons, therefore Medical Men, Ministers, Nurses, &c., are earnestly requested to recommend them to their patients and friends.

PRICE 1s. 1½d. Per BOX.

*For the use of Invalids and all persons affected in their Lungs.*

# Dr Wright's (Improved) (Patent) Pulmonic (Eucalyptus) Candles.

THESE Candles possess all the qualities contained in the SANITARY NIGHT-LIGHTS, but in addition, they diffuse balsamic vapour, which relieves **ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH,** and all affections of the respiratory organs.

The sufferer has but to keep one (or more) of these Candles alight in the room in order to ensure immunity from attack, and so to enjoy a thoroughly good night's rest from the refreshing and agreeable, though invisible, vapour which is emitted.

The breathing passages become freed, and perfect respiration is soon re-established and maintained in any room where one (or more) of these Candles is kept burning.

These Candles give a brilliant light, and quite apart from their medicinal qualities, they are valuable for use in Ball or Assembly Rooms, at Evening Parties, or in any room where a number of persons may be congregated together and where free ventilation is impossible or inconvenient, because they render the atmosphere fresh, agreeable and wholesome.

A few from a host of Testimonials in favour of

## Dr WRIGHT'S PULMONIC CANDLES.

BY LETTERS PATENT.

Extract from Report of Professor ATTFIELD, F.C.S., Professor of Practical Chemistry to the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, &c., &c., &c.

"An extremely simple, elegant, ingenious, and effective device of imparting the active principles of remedies to an ordinary candle. I can state, from tests in the laboratory and trials in the household, that the results are successful, and in every way satisfactory.

(Signed) "JOHN ATTFIELD."

Extract from Report of Professor STODDART, F.C.S., &c., Bristol.

"I have carefully examined these Candles, and subjected them to several experiments, the result of which is, in every respect, satisfactory. One or two persons suffering from pulmonic affections have tried them in a close room with comfort.

(Signed) "W. WALTER STODDART, F.C.S., &c., Analytical Chemist."

Extract from Report of Professor PHIPSON, Ph.D., F.C.S., Professor of Analytical Chemistry, Corr. Mem. of the Chemical Society of Paris, Royal Society of Medical Science of Brussels, &c.

"I have submitted the Pulmonic Candles to a careful examination, and find that they are made of pure materials, and very carefully prepared. I am of opinion that these new Candles will not only be invaluable to persons of delicate health, but will prove very agreeable for general use also.

(Signed) "S. L. PHIPSON, Ph.D., F.C.S."

Professor HEISCH, F.C.S., &c., late Professor of Chemistry to Middlesex Hospital, writes:—

"I have tried the Candles in a case of great irritation of the throat and bronchial tubes, when sleep was almost impossible as soon as the patient lay down. After the candle had burnt for an hour, the relief was most marked, and the patient slept and breathed quite quietly. She burnt one Candle for each of four nights, and always with the same effect, and has not slept so well before or since, and is begging for more Candles.

(Signed) "CHAS. HEISCH."

From Sir GEORGE BIRDWOOD, K.C.S.L., M.D., &c.

"Using the Pulmonic Candles simply as ordinary illuminants, it is impossible for me to exaggerate the sense of comfort and of absolute refreshment which they give me. . . . The Sanitary Night-Lights decidedly promote sleep, and they are so wholesome and agreeable in a bed-room that I shall always use them in future.

(Signed) "GEORGE BIRDWOOD."

All the Medical Papers highly recommend their use in **Asthma, Bronchitis,** and all other affections of the Respiratory Organs.

The *LANCET* says:—"These Pulmonic Candles diffuse an agreeable fragrance during combustion, and will be a comfort to persons suffering from asthmatic affections."

The *MEDICAL TIMES* says:—"These are Candles of undoubted service to invalids of the class mentioned, who are only too numerous among the aged."

The *BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL* says:—"A novelty, at once ingenious and attractive. The air around is quickly impregnated with balsamic vapours, thus relief may be afforded in many cases of irritation of the pulmonary mucous membrane and bronchial spasm."

Price 2s. 6d. per Box, of all Chemists and Medicine Vendors.

Should there be any difficulty in obtaining the Pulmonic Candles, or Sanitary Night-Lights, please communicate with the

**HYGIENIC CANDLE AND NIGHT-LIGHT CO., LIMITED,**  
76 COLEMAN STREET, LONDON, E.C.,

OR WITH THE MANUFACTURERS,

**J. C. & J. FIELD, LAMBETH MARSH, LONDON, S.E.**

INVENTIONS EXHIBITION, 1885.

**"SILVER MEDAL."**

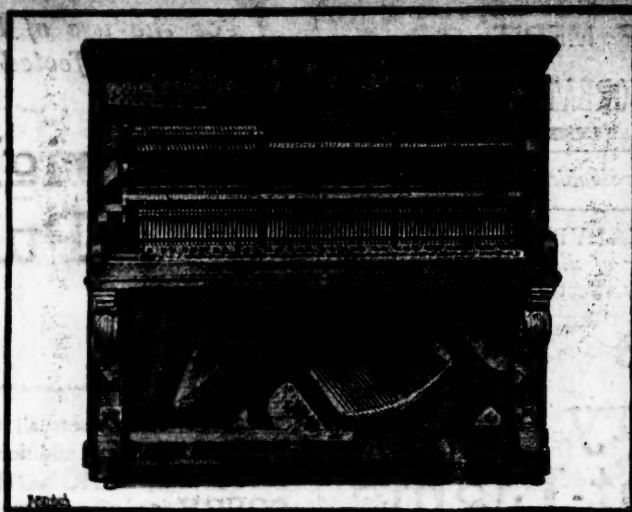
Highest Award for Upright Pianos.

## THE "Challen" Pianos.

THE EMINENT VIRTUOSO,  
**DR ANTON RUBINSTEIN,**

SAYS:—

"The Pianos manufactured by Messrs Challen and Son are most satisfactory instruments."



48 OXFORD STREET LONDON (ESTD. 1804),  
And of all the principal musicellers throughout the Kingdom.

**"SILVER MEDAL" 1885**

FOR

"Good Tone, good general Workmanship, and moderate Prices of Pianos."

## THE "Challen" Pianos.

THE EMINENT ORGANIST AND COMPOSER,  
**DR JOHN STAINER**

SAYS:—

"Messrs Challen and Son's Pianos are remarkable for the highest class workmanship and great purity of tone, at a moderate cost."

# HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES!!!

**TO MARK LINEN, &c.** The only reliable article in the Market is JUDSON'S INDESTRUCTIBLE MARKING INK. It is absolutely, indelible, jet black, and will not injure the finest fabrics.

**BEDROOM FLOORS** should be stained round the sides with JUDSON'S WOOD STAINS. The woodwork requires no sizing or preparation before using these Stains. Economy in carpets, and cleanliness assured.

**FADED CURTAINS, CHILDREN'S DRESSES, &c.,** may be rendered equal to new by using JUDSON'S DYES, without risk of spoiling them, or soiling the fingers.

**TO KILL BLACK - BEETLES, FLEAS, AND OTHER INSECTS,** JUDSON'S "KROKUM" is the most powerful insect destroyer in the Market, but is perfectly harmless to human beings and animals.

**FENDERS, FIREIRONS, GRATES, &c.,** may be painted over with JUDSON'S Black-all, an enamel varnish specially prepared for iron work, and to resist heat.

**TO CLEAN THE DIRTY PAINT-WORK** in Rooms, Baths, &c., JUDSON'S PAINT CLEANER will be found invaluable, and almost magic in its effect.

**BLACK FURNITURE, &c.,** may be touched up with JUDSON'S ARTISTS' BLACK and made to look like new at a very small cost.

**TO RENEW PICTURE FRAMES, &c.** A 1s. 6d. bottle of JUDSON'S GOLD PAINT is sufficient to beautify a large number of Picture Frames, Cornices, &c.

**TO MEND BROKEN CHINA, GLASS, &c.** Buy a 6d. bottle of JUDSON'S "CEMENT OF POMPEII," place it in a cup of hot water, then, having thoroughly cleaned the broken articles, paint the edges thinly with the Cement, press the parts together, and leave for twenty-four hours.

**TO REMOVE RUST, &c.** JUDSON'S "EMERINE" Rust Extractor and Metal Polish is a most reliable article.

**IMPURE WATER** is the cause of numberless ailments. JUDSON'S "PERFECT PURITY" FILTERS remove all poisons, animalcules, and other impurities; the old style of Charcoal Filters are worse than useless.

**CHAPPED HANDS, CHILBLAINS, &c.,** may be cured in a very short time by using JUDSON'S "NOSWAL," a certain preventive of rough hands.

## DANIEL JUDSON & SON (Ltd.),

77 SOUTHWARK STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Relief from Cough in Ten Minutes.

HAYMAN'S

**BALSAM OF HOREHOUND.**

It has a most pleasant taste.

The Sale is increasing daily.

The most certain and speedy remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness and all Disorders of the Chest and Lungs. It has proved itself the most successful preparation ever offered. In the nursery it is invaluable, as children are fond of it. Immediately it is taken coughing ceases, restlessness is gone, and refreshing sleep ensues.

No lady who has once tried it would ever afterwards be without it.

Prepared only by A. HAYMAN, Chemist, Neath.

Sold by all Chemists in London and throughout the Kingdom.

Price 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per bottle.

**ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL**

is the best and safest preserver and beautifier of the hair; it contains no lead or mineral ingredients and can also be had in a golden colour for fair-haired children. Avoid cheap imitations, and buy only Rowland's Macassar Oil. 3/6, 7/6, 10/6, and 21/6.

**ROWLAND'S ODONTO**

is the best tooth powder, and contains no gritty or acid substances which ruin the enamel; it whitens the teeth, polishes and preserves the enamel, prevents decay, and gives a pleasing fragrance to the breath; it is the original and only genuine Odonto.

**ROWLAND'S KALYDOR**

is the safest preparation for beautifying the complexion, as it contains no lead or oxide of zinc, and is perfectly harmless to the most delicate skin; it eradicates freckles, tan, sunburn, roughness, redness, chaps, &c., preserves the skin from the effects of cold wind or hard water, and renders it soft, smooth and white.

**ROWLAND'S EUKONIA**

is a pure and fragrant toilet powder in three tints, white, rose and cream; it is warranted free from any blamable or noxious ingredients; 2/6 per box. Ask any dealer in perfumery for Rowland's articles, of 38, Hatton Garden, London, and avoid worthless imitations under similar names.



8-page Music Supplement.

THE

# MAGAZINE

For the STUDENT

and the

OF

MILLION

# MUSIC

PART 36.—MARCH, 1887.



*Chappell & Co's*  
*Pianofortes*  
*for Schools, Yachts, Ocean Steamers,*  
*Extreme Climates &c.*  
*from 16 to 150 Guineas*  
*50, New Bond St. & 15, Poultry,*  
*London.*

PRICE  
6<sup>d</sup>.

PUBLISHED FOR  
*John W. Loates*

PRICE  
6<sup>d</sup>.

By W. KENT & COMPLY., 23 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Menzies, Edinburgh. J. Heywood, Manchester. J. P. Mathew & Co., Dundee.  
Cramer & Co., Joseph Williams, R. Williams, F. Fitman, London. Paterson & Co., Glasgow. Fohlmann & Co., Dublin.  
Methven, Simpson & Co., Dundee. D. Thomas, Aberdeen.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

DR. ROBERTS' OINTMENT, CALLED  
**POOR MAN'S FRIEND,**  
 AND  
**ALTERATIVE PILLS,**

Will cure Wounds of every Description. **BURNS, CHILBLAINS,**  
**PIMPLES, SCORBUTIC COMPLAINTS, and**

**SKIN DISEASES.**

Of all Chemists, or of BEACH & BARNICOTT, BRIDPORT, DORSET.

Price 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 11s., and 22s. Postage extra.

**PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY.**

**VOLONCELLIST.**  
 MR. J. OWEN, Hamilton Villa, Hampton Road, Birchfield, Birmingham.  
**PIANO.**  
 MISS NICHOLS, 57 Athole Road, Bradford. Leipzig Diploma.  
**PIANO.**  
 MR. ROGER ASCHM, Wellingborough.  
**PIANO.**  
 MISS AGNES ROLFE, 98 Lyndhurst Grove, Peckham.  
**PIANO.**  
 MR. W. TOWNSEND, 20 St. Catherine's Place, Edinburgh.  
**HARP.**  
 MR. EDWIN SMITH, Hormes House, Hurstmonceux, near Hailsham, Sussex.  
**BARITONE.**  
 MR. E. A. WILLIAMS (and Prof. Voc. Elect.), Jun., Garrick Club, Adelphi, W.C.  
**COMPOSER.**  
 W. R. G. MACLEAN, Esq., 5 St. George's Terrace, Liverpool Road, N.  
**BARITONE.**  
 MR. PERCY GORDON HELLER, c/o Novello, Ewer & Co., 1 Berners Street, W.

**BARITONE.**  
 MR. ROBERT STROUD, Dusham Road, Clapham Common, S.W.  
**SOPRANO.**  
 MISS MAY ALLAN, Pointhouse, Lincolnshire, and 2 Queen Square, London.  
**SOPRANO.**  
 MISS AGNES BANKS, 60 Morning Road, Regent's Park, N.W.  
**SOPRANO.**  
 MISS FUSSELLE, 37 Harrington Square, N.W.  
**CONTRALTO.**  
 MISS MARY HORTON, 34 Loughborough Road, Brixton, S.W.  
**ACCOMPANIST.**  
 MISS AGNES ROLFE, 98 Lyndhurst Grove, Peckham.  
**HARMONY** taught by correspondence. Apply H. O., Composer, care of Music ZINE OF MUSIC OFFICE.  
**TO YOUNG TEACHERS OF MUSIC.**  
 HERR ALTHAUS'S new system of instruction in Touch and Expression, combined with practical Pianoforte Gymnastics, greatly assist all young teachers. Lessons Moderate Terms. Letters to be addressed 6a Elgin Road, Maida Vale, W.

**WORKS BY F. DAVENPORT,** Professor of Harmony and Composition at the Royal Academy of Music.

*Published under the authority of the Committee of the Royal Academy of Music.*

**ELEMENTS OF MUSIC.** Crown 8vo, 1s.

"In the space of some fifty pages the reader will find all that is necessary to be known about the pitch of notes, intervals, and scales, rests, time, and abbreviations, and will, we doubt not, also find how much there is of which he was ignorant concerning these subjects, although he had already flattered himself that he had mastered their elements a long time ago." *Saturday Review*

**ELEMENTS OF HARMONY AND COUNTERPOINT.** Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

This work is intended to meet a growing demand for a more concise and simpler exposition of the Day theory. It includes as much of the science of Counterpoint as is necessary for students who enter for the Royal Academy, Local, and other similar examinations.

LONDON: LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.

**New Books Published by W. Kent & Co., London.**



**MUSIC IN THE LAND OF FOGS.**

By **FELIX REMO.**

**ONE SHILLING.**

A humorous description, by a Frenchman, of Music and Musical Life in England.



**ST. CECILIA.**

By **LESLIE KEITH.**

**THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE.**

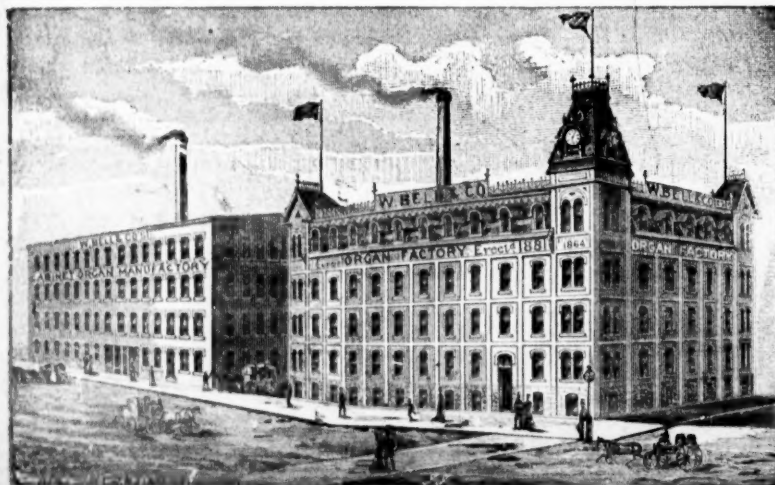
**AN EXCELLENT GIFT-BOOK.**

"Leslie Keith draws character with wondrous clever touch."—*Punch*.  
 "Keith lets his personages tell their own tale."—*Saturday Review*.  
 "Leslie Keith is at the very heart of her women."—*The Spectator*.  
 "Mr. Keith tells a good story. His characters are alive."—*Athenaeum*.  
 "The characters are drawn with a vigorous hand."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Mr. Keith resembles a master of the culinary art; he has made dainty dishes from airy nothings which are pleasant to look at, and refreshingly free from indigestion. With this commendation we shoulder him up the hill of fame, trusting he will reach its summit in due course."—*Whitehall Review*.

**THE HALF-GUINEA VIADUCT WATCH, and beautifully bound copy of "ST. CECILIA," sent post free for 10s. 6d.**

Address Envelope—E. RAE, "MAGAZINE OF MUSIC," 1A Paternoster Row, London, E.C.



**"BELL" AMERICAN ORGAN**

HAVE BEEN SUPPLIED TO

THE ROYAL FAMILY.	THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT BOURKE, Governor of Madras, India.
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE.	LORD DUFFERIN, Viceroy of India.
THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.	THE GOVERNOR OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.
THE KING OF HOLLAND.	HIS EXCELLENCY COUNT VOX FELBINGER, of Austria.
THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.	
THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, Governor General of Canada.	

AND TO THE NOBILITY GENERALLY.

For sale by all first-class music sellers everywhere, or catalogues free.

**W. BELL & CO.,**

London Branch: 58 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.

Sole European Agents for the "FAULTLESS HARDY PIANOS," of New York.



# Magazine of Music

ART AND ROMANCE

*For the Student and the Million.*

## THE NEW VOLUME.

The April Number, the First Part of the New Volume, will contain a Fine

### PORTRAIT OF RUBINSTEIN.

Reproduced from a Photograph taken during his recent visit.

Madame ANTOINETTE STERLING, EDWARD LLOYD,

PATTI, Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN,

And other great Artistes and Composers,

Will be portrayed in succeeding numbers.

The New Volume will also contain:

A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON CHOPIN AND HIS WORKS.

STUDIES IN NATIONAL MUSIC. By R. J. MACKAY, M.A.

MUSICAL VIGNETTES. By Rev. H. R. HAWES, M.A.

MUSICAL NOVELETTES. By LESLIE KEITH.

("Leslie Keith draws character with wondrous clever touch."—*Punch*.)

AND

A WEALTH OF JOYOUS AND UNIQUE FEATURES.

The Great Living Exponents of the Delightful Art will be portrayed, while Illustrations, Music by the Living Masters of Song-craft, and Compositions for the Piano, will add attractiveness to its pages.

The Musician will find much to interest him month by month. The news of the musical world, staccato notes upon current events, echoes from the provinces, foreign jottings, and letters from Continental centres, will keep him well abreast of musical affairs.

In the

Magazine of Music.

Students of music will not be forgotten. Questions and answers, instruction and salient criticism, will assist them in their work, while reviews, and some account of the literature of music, will open up new fields of thought.

To the imagination of the youthful, the romance of musical literature will be unfolded in song and story. Musical novelettes will appear, and serials by well-known writers.

In the

Magazine of Music.

The musical dilettante will find amusement. Accidents, humoresque, piquant anecdotes, music in song, and illustrated sketches of musical celebrities, will provide entertainment, and add brightness to the brightest hours.

♦ THE ♣ MAGAZINE ♣ OF ♣ MUSIC ♦

FOR ARTISTES, TEACHERS, AND LOVERS OF MUSIC.

*It should be found in Every Home where Music is cultivated.*

SILVER MEDAL, LIVERPOOL, 1886.

## THE SPOHR ADJUSTABLE CHIN-HOLDER (PATENT)

REDUCED PRICES. GREATLY IMPROVED MAKE.

BERTHOLD TOURS, Esq., writes:—  
"I consider it a most important and valuable help to Violin Players, and shall take every opportunity to recommend it."

Prices: No. 1, ROSEWOOD and BRASS, 3s. 6d.;  
No. 2, NICKEL and EBONY, 5s.;  
No. 3, ENGRAVED PLATED FITTINGS and BEST TOPS, 7s. 6d.;  
No. 4, SOLID SILVER ENGRAVED FITTINGS and REAL IVORY TOP, 25s.

SPECIALITY:—  
ITALIAN VIOLIN STRINGS.  
ONCE TRIED. ALWAYS USED.

Violins by Colein-Mezin. Price £7 7s. Best quality only. May be had on approval.  
Violins by Andrea Verini. Price £5 5s. The best new Violin ever offered at the price.

ALPHONSE CARY,  
NEWBURY: AND LONDON:  
47 & 48 NORTHBROOK STREET. 95 WARDOUR STREET, W.  
Letters and Telegrams "Cary, Newbury." Old Violins, &c., artistically restored at lowest trade prices.

## The SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

ESTABLISHED IN 1831.

Manager—THOMAS BOND SPRAGUE, M.A.

Secretary—WM. J. FLEMING

The following Table shows the progress of the Society during the last fifteen years

Year.	No. of Policies.	Existing Assurances.	Annual Income.	Assurance Funds.
1871	10,624	£8,832,103	£259,345	£1,922,572
1876	12,261	7,755,477	295,198	2,227,210
1881	13,712	8,443,660	324,939	2,489,481
1886	16,072	9,726,558	371,508	2,850,884

Every description of Life Assurance Business is transacted.

THE SOCIETY'S NEW NON-FORFEITURE REGULATIONS actually provide against the loss of a valuable Policy through accidental death. The Premium, SURRENDER VALUES WILL IN NO CASE BE FEITED TO THE SOCIETY; but, if not paid to the Assured in cash, will be applied to his benefit in keeping the Policy in force, either temporarily for its full amount, or permanently reduced amount. The usual days of grace may be extended and the Policy kept in force until the end of a small fine.

Premiums are calculated by Half-years of age.

The Society's leading features are—Unquestionable Security, Liberal Conditions of Insurance, and Early Participation in Profits. With few exceptions, Policies five years' endurance are freed from all conditions except the payment of the ordinary premium.

Proposal Forms, &c., may be obtained on application to the Society.

London Office—69 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.

Resident Secretary—W. T. GRAY.

## LIFE ASSOCIATION OF SCOTLAND.

FOUNDED 1833.

Funds, £3,146,679; Annual Revenue, £474,309;  
Claims Paid and Bonuses, £5,526,799.

LIFE ASSURANCES AND ANNUITIES  
of all descriptions transacted on the most favourable terms.

INVESTMENT POLICIES,  
Combining all the advantages of an Ordinary Life Assurance with a MOST PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.

### ORDINARY LIFE POLICIES,

By application of Profits,  
TRANSFORMED INTO PAID-UP POLICIES  
requiring no further Premiums.

PREMIUMS PER £100.

AGE 21.	AGE 25.	AGE 30.	AGE 35.
£1 19 8	£2 4 0	£2 10 0	£2 17 0

### SPECIALLY LOW PREMIUMS.

Suitable for Policies in connection with business arrangements.

Loans on Lands, Life Interests, Reversions, &c.

### HEAD OFFICE:

82 PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH.

Chairman—THE EARL OF STAIR, K.T.

London Office—5 LOMBARD STREET.

Chairman—SIR LIONEL PLAYFAIR, K.C.B., M.P.

Manager—JOHN TURNBULL SMITH, C.A., F.F.A.

## THE NEW ELECTRIC POLISH

SMALL BOTTLES **6d.** FOR **1s.** LARGE BOTTLES  
*Cleaning and Polishing*

## Furniture, Marble, Lacquer-work, &c.

*The Best, Quickest, and most Effective Polish Reviver you can Purchase.*

CLEANS AND POLISHES AT THE SAME TIME

MANUFACTURED BY

PARNELL BROS.,  
32A COW CROSS STREET, LONDON, E.

To be obtained of all Oil and Colour Warehousemen, Grocers, and Chemists throughout the United Kingdom.

Strongly  
Recommended

# Woodhall Spa. Bromo-Iodine Mineral Water.

By  
the Medical  
Profession.

For Rheumatism in all forms, Gout, Sciatica, Tic and Neuralgia, Scrofula, Rickets, Glandular Swellings, Tumours and Diseases peculiar to Women, Skin Diseases, Eczema, Psoriasis, Disordered Digestion, Diseases of the Liver and Kidneys.

### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"One of the most valuable and remarkable Spas in Europe."

Lancet.

"One of the most valuable Iodine Spas in Europe."

British Medical Journal.

"Holds in solution the largest quantity of Iodine hitherto known to belong to any Mineral Water in England."—DR. GRANVILLE.

"And we may safely add, in any part of the World."—Dr. CUFFY for many years late Resident Physician at Woodhall Spa.

The Woodhall Bromo Iodine Water is now being bottled at the Spring

By the Sole Agents, BROMLEY & CO., Chemists, 233 High Street, Lincoln, 5 and 6 The Grove, Buxton, and Woodhall

All communications to be addressed to them at the Spa, Woodhall, Horncastle.

Obtained of all Chemists.



H

EE  
LES

&

T

E

dica

ion.

dula

nowa to

Curva

odhall